

May
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The American Mercury

THE LITTLE MAN IN HENRY FORD'S BASEMENT

By JOHN MCCARTEN

EUROPE FACES FAMINE

By Henry Albert Phillips

Freedom and The Colleges	Bertrand Russell
The Bonus Lobby Rides Again	Stanley High
Where Living Costs Little	Larry Nixon
If Russia Turns on China	Freda Utley
Dr. Berg, Backstop	David Brown & Ernest Lehman
A Year Without Death	Kenneth Brown Collings
Local Politics: Menace to Defense	Congressman Paul W. Shafer
Relief in Ohio	Clayton Fritchey
Revolution de Luxe. A Story	Charles Yale Harrison
How to Write a Song Hit	Doron K. Antrim
Aqua Pura in Old New York	Grace Adams & Edward Hutter
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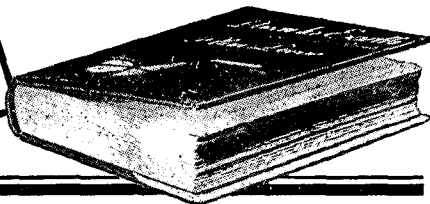
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NON-FICTION

ARETINO, by Thomas Caldecot Chubb. \$3.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. The talented Aretino was a sort of Italian Renaissance tabloid gossip columnist, who earned a reputation as "prince of rakes and scourge of princes." He specialized in writing brilliant and witty libels on the big uns of his time — all of the libels, in fact, were understatements. He was on the payroll of Pope Leo X; he entertained Francis I of France; he was just like that with the Emperor Charles V. They were all afraid of him — counts, cardinals and kings — and paid him handsomely to stop him from writing. Aretino had genius and he knew how to make his charges stick and hurt: he phrased them in a way to make them uproarious. Presently he sold out, however, to the big shots among the racketeers of the Renaissance. Mr. Chubb, a good Renaissance scholar who has spent years on this book, makes too much of a hero out of Aretino. He even falls for the legend that Aretino was such a potent Lothario that he could keep a house of forty mistresses happy. The house was probably a bagnio from the earnings of whose inmates he derived an income. Aretino, drunk one night, tilted too far back in his chair and beamed himself.

PUBLIC OPINION IN A DEMOCRACY, by Charles W. Smith, Jr. \$4.00. *Prentice-Hall*. Propaganda's song of six-pence, politics and pie is stripped to the altogether by Mr. Smith. Beneath the padded shoulders and the bluster, what remains are several basic techniques and a lot of repetition in the art of making friends or fiends out of simple human beings. Dr. Goebbels' advice to Rexist leader Leon Degrelle of Belgium was: "Above all, know how to amuse and delight the crowd. Be more lively than the others; everything depends on that." Which is, of course, article one in the faith of any press agent.

(Continued on page 117)

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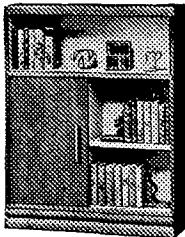
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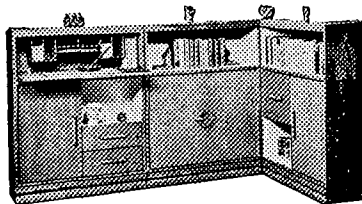
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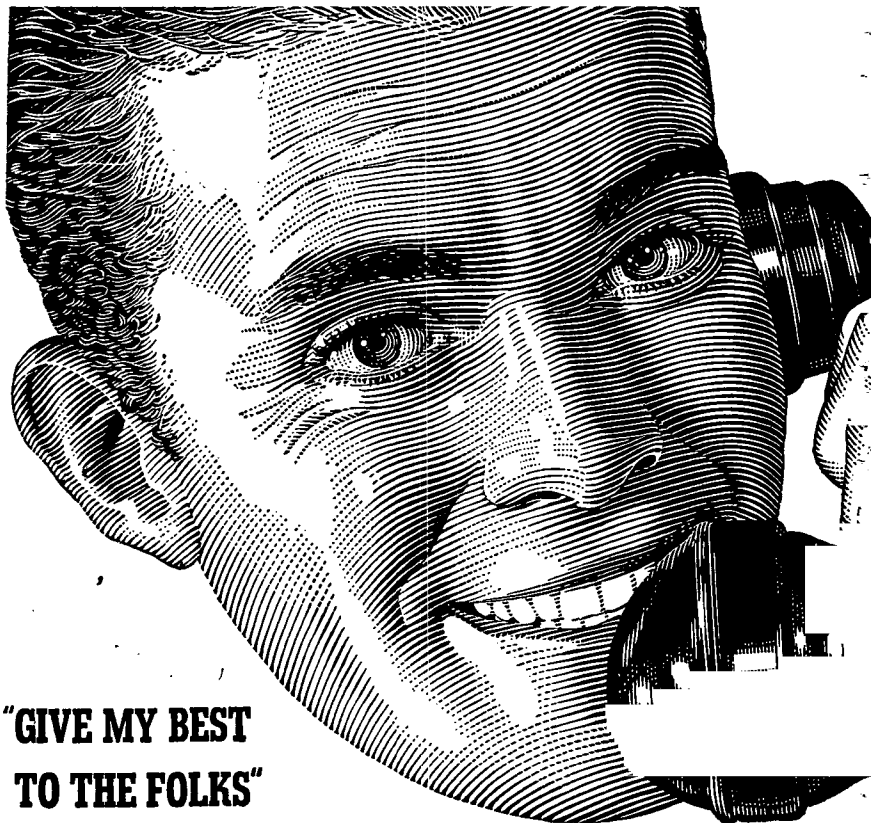
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The American MERCURY

THE LITTLE MAN IN HENRY FORD'S BASEMENT

BY JOHN McCARTEN

THE largest industrial establishment in the world is the River Rouge plant of Henry Ford at Dearborn, Michigan. Within the confines of its 1100 acres, some 80,000 men currently labor for the greater honor and glory of the founder and his heirs. Some of them sweat before blast furnaces in the steel mill, some of them struggle amid the mechanical welter of the machine shop, some of them strain desperately to sink a bolt or twist a nut into the skeleton of a car as it files implacably past them on the 950-foot main assembly line. They do not whistle while they work; they do not even whisper. Only the tools they use make any sound as they demonstrate the efficiency of mass production. Their

silence is a tribute to the Machine-Age Pavlovs who determine from week to week just how much men can stand before running amok.

It is also a tribute to a little man who is tucked away behind a door that is always locked in the basement of the Ford Administration Building. His name is Harry Bennett and he is commonly referred to as the Personnel Director of the Ford Motor Company. The title is as gratuitous as it is euphemistic. According to Bennett's own testimony, he holds no official position. "I am," he says simply, "Mr. Ford's personal man." In that capacity, he serves as a kind of catalytic agent between the whims and wishes of Henry Ford and his workers throughout the

nation. Since Ford is now and has always been an absolute dictator in his automotive empire, Bennett's place in the Dearborn hierarchy is roughly equivalent to that of Heinrich Himmler in Germany.

Practically all the Ford employees are fearful of Bennett. They speak of him privily as if he were a combination of Dracula, Pearl Bergoff and J. Edgar Hoover. They are convinced that he has as many spies in his pay as Hirohito of Japan, and they credit him with a malevolent omniscience that would do honor to the devil himself. But in one division of the company his methods and his motives have never been assailed. To the gangsters, gunmen, pugilists, football players, cops and convicts — all of course emeritus — who make up the Ford Service Department, Harry Bennett is as splendid a figure as any of their professional idols, and they do not hesitate to mention him in the same breath with the Elder Pinkerton and Knute Rockne.

There are officially about 350 of these characters who swear allegiance to Bennett. Their activities are widely varied. In the name of Service, they guard the Ford gates, protect the Ford property against sabotage, and insure Henry Ford against organized labor. But

that is merely their formal program; their extra-curricular functions are much more diverse. One day they are checking up on the conduct of the personnel of the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, the next they are trying to unmask an anonymous extortionist who is badgering Henry Ford. Betimes they may investigate the background of a labor leader or look into the home life of a disgruntled proletarian. They are eternally vigilant in their efforts to guarantee all Ford men the right to do as the management tells them. They move as mysteriously as the Gestapo their wonders to perform, and it is only under the most urgent circumstances that they are betrayed into such gaucheries as beating the hell out of union delegates or tossing an organizer over the fence. In addition to the Servicemen publicly acknowledged by Ford, the Department includes quite a few reserves. On every assembly line and in every shop at River Rouge, there are Service operatives whose connection with the Department is kept as quiet as possible. Ostensibly all the Servicemen, both underground and over, are led by one Charlie Bernard, who used to play All-America football for the University of Michigan. Actually their every move is dic-

tated by Bennett, whose basement office is the nerve center of the whole Ford Service system.

As master of the most powerful private police force in the world, Bennett is fair game for a host of enemies. There is seldom a day passes that he is not threatened with violence or death. Such threats, however, cause him little concern, for he has taken elaborate precautions to ward off an abrupt and untidy demise. At River Rouge not even Henry Ford is more zealously watched over than Harry Bennett, and the ritual surrounding an approach to his presence is calculated to unnerve the most intemperate of his foes. From the main lobby of the Ford Administration Building, the path to Bennett's door winds through dim tiled corridors until it comes upon a reception room whose inner wall is punctuated by a series of clear glass panes which enable Bennett's guardians to scrutinize all visitors at will. There the pilgrim waits until he is summoned to the Bennett shrine. Even when that summons comes, though, he is not immediately ushered into Bennett's sanctuary. He has to pause for a moment in an outer office, where there are always a few huge and studiously casual Servicemen loitering about. Then presently,

after the pilgrim has been surveyed from every angle, Bennett's burly secretary (another All-America star from Michigan) presses the button that unlocks the door to the headman's hideaway.

Sitting at his desk in the corner of a bleak and sparsely furnished office, Bennett appears neither ominous nor evil. He is small and wiry, with sharp blue eyes and thinning brown hair which is slicked down carefully to cover an incipient bald spot. He looks about ten years younger than his age, which is forty-eight, and is quick as a cat in his movements. He has a weakness for suits of a rather jaunty cut, and goes without a vest whatever the season. Invariably he wears a neat bow tie and adorns himself with an ornate belt buckle similar to those that are fashionable in the cow country. Although a bit of scar tissue here and there makes his face a trifle lumpy, his features are even and his teeth are sound and he is not unpleasant to behold. With his florid complexion and his generally sporting manner, he resembles a fight manager with a stable of champions behind him. He talks like one, too. He is constantly boasting of the athletic achievements of the Servicemen, and he can reel off statistics on almost every bout or game in

which the members of his staff have participated. He furiously resents the charge that "the boys," as he calls them, are a gang of vicious hoodlums. "They're a lot of tough bastards," he says, "but every goddam one of them's a gentleman."

II

Bennett persistently minimizes his rôle in Ford affairs. Nevertheless his influence is enormous. He is permitted to set labor policies as he sees fit. He has *carte blanche* to speak for the company in all labor matters, and to adjust disputes with the Ford proletariat wherever they occur. It is impossible to get a job at Ford's without his imprimatur or to remain on the payroll over his protest. He has the wary respect of every other Ford executive. His orders can be rescinded by no one save Henry Ford, the only man in the world to whom he has ever deferred.

Bennett is a power in Michigan politics. He is on intimate terms with practically every official in the state, and the round table in his private dining room at River Rouge has been the scene of many an off-the-record caucus. He has a waggish contempt for the political amenities, and he enjoys maneu-

vering muscular and inarticulate acquaintances into public office. It amuses him to push men like Gus Dorais, a football coach, into the City Council of Detroit, and only recently he made preparations to transform Mickey Cochrane into Sheriff of Wayne County, a plan that was thwarted when Cochrane withdrew his candidacy because he felt nervous.

Bennett's most successful political prank to date was the election of Harry Kipke, his closest friend, to the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan. A short time before his election, Kipke had been sacked as coach of the University's football team. On the theory that the faculty of the University had something to do with his pal's dismissal, Bennett promptly proceeded to have Kipke elevated to the regency. Now Kipke holds the whip hand over the professors, and Bennett rejoices that justice has been done. He has almost a proprietary interest in the University. Although he never got beyond the eighth grade himself, many of his Servicemen are alumni of the school, and he follows its progress with all the enthusiasm of a loyal old grad. When Kipke was coach at Michigan, Bennett used to attach the whole team to the Ford payroll every summer. He saw to it

that the players were never so overworked that they didn't have time for a bit of pre-season practice. This procedure excited a good deal of criticism, and finally Bennett, feeling grossly misunderstood, decided to stop being helpful. Nowadays the football players who work at Ford's during the summer are not given time off for scrimmaging around the grounds. In the future, it seems, the labor wars will not be won on the playing fields of River Rouge.

When Bennett heads for the labor wars, he goes armed and well prepared. His forces are always ready for action and eager to move at his command. Although like any general he likes to avoid the scene of conflict, he has plenty of lieutenants shuttling in and out of Dearborn to bring him news from the various fronts. His system of attack is shrewd and effective. It varies in its strategic details from time to time, but in its essentials it is as immutable as a Euclidean theorem. As soon as any union announces that it is about to tackle Ford, Bennett reveals that thousands of loyal workers have pledged themselves spontaneously to have no truck with organized labor. Shortly afterwards a few union representatives are given a professional beating somewhere in the neighbor-

hood of the Ford plant that is under fire. Bennett thereupon declares that his Servicemen were not involved in the disturbance, which was actually started, he explains, by the victims themselves, who jeered and taunted the loyal workers until they were goaded to violence. Simultaneously he sends a card or circular to all Ford employees, in which the perils of unionism are viewed with alarm.

At River Rouge, Bennett has never had to go further than this. But in some of the sixteen other Ford plants in the nation, he has had to threaten shutdowns to make the workers see the light. He indulges in such crude displays of power only when all else fails, and he would rather patch up a truce with the union leaders than endanger production so drastically. The Bennett truces are often arranged by a man named John Gillespie, who used to be police commissioner of Detroit. Since Gillespie has no official connection with the Ford Motor Company, the agreements he makes are not necessarily valid or binding. This has surprised a good many union authorities, who have carefully discussed their problems with Gillespie only to have the Ford Company eventually disclaim any interest in the negotiations.

The fact that Gillespie doesn't work for Ford is one that Bennett emphasizes on all possible occasions. "John sells us insurance," he insistently points out, "He isn't on our payroll." Whether or not Gillespie is exclusively occupied with his insurance business, he is known in Dearborn and Detroit as "Bennett's man." He has good reason to be. Back in 1935, he was found lurking around the home of Frank D. McKay, a former state treasurer of Michigan, armed to the teeth with a rifle, a pistol, and several hundred rounds of ammunition. After he was tossed into a Grand Rapids jail, Gillespie explained that he "was just trying to get the goods on Frank McKay. I wasn't going to shoot him," he continued. "I had those guns for my own protection." It turned out eventually that Gillespie suspected McKay of having had a hand in his political eclipse. In his moment of need, he appealed to Bennett, who had regarded him highly when he was police commissioner. Within a few hours, Bennett persuaded McKay not to press charges and arranged for Gillespie's release. Then he took him down to River Rouge, and presently Gillespie emerged proudly as the Ford insurance man.

Bennett is incessantly doing such

favours. He has assisted more broken-down cops than any other man in the country. He doesn't care why they have lost their jobs on the force. As long as they are big and tough and willing, he'll find a place for them at River Rouge. He hires convicts with equal enthusiasm. Although he estimates that only one out of ten of them ever becomes a valuable member of the River Rouge organization, he goes on hiring them anyhow on the theory that the nugget is worth the dross. The most celebrated of the former penal inmates at River Rouge is the aging Norman Selby, who used to fight with craft and cruelty under the name of Kid McCoy. Selby joined the Bennett squad in 1932 upon being paroled from San Quentin where he was incarcerated for killing his wife. He supervises the Ford workers' gardens now, and is happily married for the ninth time to his fourth or fifth wife, the paradox being explained by the fact that he married one of his wives over and over again. Like so many of the men at River Rouge, Selby is an old, old chum of Bennett's. As a matter of fact, he taught him how to fight back in the days when Bennett was doing a hitch in the navy. That was many years ago, but a few of Bennett's fellow-

workers have known him even longer. The superintendent of the Sociological Department, for instance, used to be the headman's protector when he was a small boy in Ann Arbor.

III

The career of Harry Herbert Bennett has been tinged with violence ever since he first drew breath. While he was still mewling in his crib at Ann Arbor, his father, a house-painter who occasionally dabbled in oils, was cracked over the head with a chair in the course of a brawl, and passed suddenly away. Not long afterwards, his mother, a onetime school-teacher, married one Robert A. Winslow, who taught engineering at the University of Michigan. Until his untimely end seven or eight years later, the Professor had plenty of opportunity to test pedagogical discipline upon his stepson. As a youngster, Bennett bordered on the incorrigible. Although he was undersized, he liked to run around with older boys who often beat him up when there was nothing better to do. In order to protect himself, Harry used to pile rocks along his path to school, which he employed to good advantage whenever he was bullied.

Even as a child, he had a trigger temper, and he can still recall vividly the thrill of fierce satisfaction he got out of cowing his playmates with cobblestones. While he did not dislike school, he was always playing hooky just to break up the rigid routine of existence. On the same principle, he often heaved bricks through windows or pushed a contemporary into the river.

When Bennett's stepfather died, his mother moved to Detroit and opened a rooming house in order to support Harry and an older brother, Hayes, now a foreman at River Rouge. Since Harry showed more aptitude for drawing than anything else, he was enrolled in the Detroit School of Fine Arts, where he studied for three or four years. As a result of his training there, he is able today to produce acceptable if somewhat photographic oils, which he distributes generously among his friends. He also goes in for a spot of sculpture, and he has copiously decorated his home with murals of all descriptions. Unfortunately, during his student days he was pressed too vigorously by a maternal uncle, who criticized his work so harshly that he decided to run away and become a sailor. He was fifteen at the time, which was rather young

for the service, but with the help of a sidewalk calligrapher he equipped himself with the necessary papers, and proceeded to join the navy.

Bennett spent six years in the navy. He sailed both on deck and below. His recollections of the period are jumbled now, but they are almost uniformly pleasant. He was one of the most versatile sailors that ever put out to sea. At various times, he was cartoonist for a ship paper, clarinet player in a navy band, quarterback and captain of an All-Navy football team, and lightweight champion of the fleet. His pugilistic activities during his years as a salt were not confined to the navy. After training under Kid McCoy at the Fairmount A.C. in Philadelphia, he fought professionally almost every time he came ashore. In the ring he was known as Sailor Reese, a name given him by Kid McCoy. He was fast, shifty, and a dangerous hitter, and came through most of his bouts without a scar. He utilized his knowledge of boxing to pay off a good many grudges. On one of his furloughs from the navy, he went home and beat up several of the boys who had been unkind to him in his youth. He demonstrated his elephantine memory for insults again the day he was discharged

from the navy. On that occasion he made a point of looking up a petty officer who had split his lip with a saber six years before. He found him leaning against a bar in Boston and hit him so hard that he broke his jaw. He immediately felt rather sorry. He always feels sorry when he hurts anyone, and often has a difficult time restraining an impulse to mourn over his victims.

Bennett went all over the world with the navy. He saw some small action at Vera Cruz, which enables him to hold membership in the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and was stationed for a while in Cuba, where he took care of a group of shipmates who were down with hemorrhagic smallpox. He studied engineering while he was going to sea and grappled bravely with mathematics, hoping that someday he'd be able to attend Annapolis. But when the navy called for volunteer divers to join an Allied expedition charting a channel off the coast of France, Bennett abandoned all thought of higher learning to leap at the opportunity. Nowadays he is very mysterious when he discusses the expedition. The United States was not in the war when he set out for France, and he refuses to divulge just how it happened that she was cooperating

with belligerents. He says it was all highly confidential, and proceeds to relate how he mastered the technique of diving. He went down three or four times a day to explore the ocean floor and plant dynamite under coastal obstructions. The work was chancy but he liked it fine, and he was very discouraged when the expedition ship blew up while taking on supplies in an African port.

Bennett along with another American from the expedition returned to the USA aboard a Spanish vessel. Although they were anxious to get ashore when they arrived in Manhattan, the Spanish skipper refused to let them leave the ship at quarantine and ride into port on a tug. To Bennett and his friend, this seemed boorish and unfair, and after debating the matter for a few minutes, they decided to fight their way clear. In the ensuing riot, the Americans were vanquished. But the newspapers regarded their struggle as heroic. Particularly impressed with their adventures was the late Arthur Brisbane, who decided to use his influence with the Ford Motor Company to get the boys a berth in Detroit, their home town.

The job that Bennett acquired through Brisbane's good offices was that of preventing sabotage on the submarine chasers Ford was then building. He worked closely with the navy intelligence service on this assignment, and it wasn't long before he attracted the attention of Henry Ford. His notions on how to handle the Ford personnel appealed to the manufacturer. So much so that in 1919, at the age of twenty-seven, he was put in charge of the Service Department. In those days, the Service Squad was clumsy and inefficient. Not until Bennett took it in hand did it blossom out into what the National Labor Relations Board has described as an agency upholding "a rule of terror and repression." Although he remained in the background when possible, Bennett quickly became a potent figure in American industry. During the 'twenties he was also active as a G-man investigating crime around Detroit and Dearborn. There wasn't a gang that didn't fear him, and his jousts with the underworld have an almost fictional flavor. Together with his subsequent entanglements with labor, they make a fabulous saga.

(A concluding article on Mr. Bennett will appear in our June issue.—Ed.)

EUROPE FACES FAMINE

BY HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

HAVING covered most of the continent, I felt that I had come face to face with the famine that looms over Europe. Though the war was only in its initial sparring stage, food stringency was already everywhere evident, and to a trained economist the harbingers of hunger were depressingly numerous. Be they belligerents or neutrals, non-combatants or soldiers, no people can wholly escape.

In the fertile heart of Transylvania, that Rumanian-held part of Hungary, I was the seven-day guest on a once-great estate that had been cut down to a thousand acres. My host's economic existence, as well as the subsistence of the surrounding villages and towns, depended entirely upon agriculture.

"A year ago, I would have sent a car to the station for you," he apologized, shaking his head at the antiquated family barouche. "But you see, all private motor cars have been commandeered. They have taken my farm motor truck too. Yesterday they requisitioned my tractor. To haul artillery, they said.

They hinted that we could use wheelbarrows — to haul manure, to draw the plows, to bring in the harvest. But whom do they mean by 'we'? All the able-bodied farmhands, farmers and peasants were taken into the army long ago. A few of us older men are left to carry on, with the help of the women folk, the cripples and the children. God knows how. This time next year, there will be nothing to eat."

I visited six of these reduced Rumanian estates and everywhere heard the same complaints. I made my way northward, over the broad plains of Bessarabia, where a Russian army was anchored deep in the mud across the border. Trenches had been dug zigzag for miles through the vast wheatfields on both sides. Armies were encamped, ready to come to death grips. This was in part the area wherein Germany had contracted to raise millions of tons of soya beans for a fat-starved Reich. Later, I crossed over and traversed the broad, well-watered valleys of Bukovina, also part of Rumania's granary. It not

only furnished bread for Rumania, but this region was scheduled to furnish at least 12 per cent of Greater Germany's livestock, meat, wheat and barley. I found the entire region in a state of helpless confusion, engrossed in the transportation and protection of Rumania's treasured oil on its way to the Reich. The single-track railway was taxed to capacity, putting it out of commission for local or export transport of foodstuffs.

At Cernauti (formerly Austrian Cernowitz), I came upon the scene of an even graver threat. The border wall had broken down under pressure of more than a hundred thousand starving Polish refugees. They still remain in Rumania, daily devouring thousands of tons of the precarious rationed food. In the meantime, threatened by an offensive on three sides, Rumania has had to call out her last able-bodied man, mobilizing an army of nearly two millions. Here is one of the principal "feed-boxes" of Central Europe, rendered agriculturally impotent. Hunger follows not far behind.

Throughout Yugoslavia I observed a similar predicament: A nation of many nationalities — Turk, Bosnian, Croat, Herzegovinian, Montenegrin and Serb — wallowing in wartime in a morass of

Oriental lethargy and inefficiency, no longer able to lean upon the paternalism of the Austrian Empire of 1914. In Skoplye (formerly Uskub), 50,000 soldiers were garrisoned in idleness while the surrounding fields were for the most part bare and deserted. At Sarajevo there was another enormous army post. Mobilization alone occupied everybody's attention. Nobody seemed greatly concerned about planting or cultivating or the future harvest, as though they had been half-starved for centuries and it didn't much matter. It was much the same in Turkey, Greece and Bulgaria. Each seemed to think the other would take care of it.

I found Italy taking the situation more seriously. Mussolini was thundering, "It will be an Armageddon of wheat! A bad harvest will be equal to the loss of a campaign!" He was right, but a prolonged look over Italy's barren topography was none too reassuring. Only 20 per cent of her land is cultivable, including 2,500,000 hectares added by Il Duce's costly reclamation projects. In peace or in war, Italy's colonies contribute little or no sustenance. The scanty food supplies of the Balkans were being carried off wholesale by the hungry and greedy belligerents on both sides. Italy is caught in the pincers

of this economic war. I saw bakers' rolls and restaurant portions shrinking from month to month. Food prices increased 10 per cent in a single week. Frightened hoarders began to create havoc with reserves; by February, 33,000 of them had been arrested and severely penalized.

Spain was the starkest spectacle of all. The opposing armies of a year ago had already scavenged the country like locusts, leveling olive and orange groves and killing every living thing that could be eaten. Replacements of herds of milch cows could not be had at any price, even if the people had had the money. Whole villages were without either milk or bread for days at a time. Spain will be a beggar for a long time to come.

Hungary is an outstanding example of the plight of a food-producing neutral caught in an economic trap. Formerly it was the granary and partial meat-producer for the Austrian Empire. It not only raises sufficient wheat and meat to feed itself, but it depends for other necessities on the profits from its food exports. For some years 90 per cent of these exports have gone to Germany. Even before 1940 Hungary was showing indications of serious economic difficulty. It began with the

bad 1939 corn crop, which adversely affected the turnover of cattle and pigs. The influx of 100,000 hungry Polish refugees has not helped the situation. So, we find the usually well-fed Hungary going hungry itself as early as February, regulating the output of bread and fixing two meatless days a week. Here again we have an agrarian country with nearly a million men, largely farmers, pinioned under heavy arms. It is hard to say just how many of the country's 14,000,000 acres of prime wheatland will lie fallow, with breadlines from one end of Europe to the other.

Holland and Belgium had long been under a stiff regime of rationing. With a million and a half men under arms, they were looking about hopelessly for ways and means to keep from actual want. The Baltic States of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia had already come under the control of the Soviet Union, and the hungry Russian Bear was gobbling up their extra hogs, poultry and butter.

With Great Britain and Germany both trying by force to prevent sea trade with the enemy, Scandinavians find themselves between the devil, the deep sea and starvation. Despite the fact that more than half her population is on farms, Sweden falls short of being

self-supporting. More than three-fourths of Norway is unproductive, mountainous rock. Denmark is thrifty and normally does a lively trade in butter, bacon, eggs and fodder, in which both belligerents and nearly all neutrals are deficient. Nevertheless, reports have come from Denmark that the government has been seizing private stocks of food and coal! Finland's tale of devastation and threatened starvation is already familiar history. In the World War Norway lost 60 per cent of her ships; Denmark, 32 per cent. The alarming feature of Scandinavia's agrarian problem is the fact that crop efficiency falls 50 per cent without the stimulus of Chilean fertilizers, from which Europe has been practically cut off.

II

In the past, fighting nations relied on their non-combatant neighbors for nourishment. What impressed me most deeply as I went through Europe, therefore, was that this time the neutrals are not only unable to sustain those engaged in killing but uncertain of sustaining themselves. Neutrals are in the same mad-doghouse as non-neutrals, bullyragged and threatened by war on every side, forced to abandon normal life and making ruinous

outlays for armaments. The able-bodied man-power of the neutrals have joined the uniformed "unemployed," just loafing and eating their heads off.

The headwaiter of a Berlin café told me, "We are very sorry to announce that the goulash is all gone—but in its place for the next few days we have nice rabbit stew, sir." The whole of Germany seemed to be raising rabbits for food, jumping the production from 8 to 20 millions. Germany's rationing system was "all according to plan." In pursuance of its two Four Year Plans, the Reich had been on short rations for years before the war. The object of these Plans was to attain self-sufficiency and avoid being again starved out by an Allied blockade.

Germany got the jump on all Europe, in the organization of a gigantic Food Front, seven years ago. When the drive began the Reich was only 70 per cent self-sufficient in foodstuffs. Housewives began saving every morsel of garbage for the national piggeries. Hitler *Jugend* raised rabbits, dug tiny kitchen gardens, and collected "fats." The *Arbeitsdienst* boys cleared, drained and cultivated wastelands into food-growing acreage. Scientists invented new fertilizers, farm machinery, and diets.

Farmers were trained in intensive agriculture, discarding handwork in favor of machinery. Farm labor shortage had been acute. Since 1914, a million erstwhile peasants have sought the city factories. Last August I saw the bumper harvests being feverishly gathered all over the Reich with the aid of university students, Hitler Youth and the Labor Service army.

Three days before the Polish War began, Walter Darre, Minister for Food and Agriculture, announced that the Reich had 8,600,000 tons of grain reserves, not including the current crop. The normal annual consumption, however, exceeded 25,000,000 tons! Argentina used to be the Reich's major source of wheat. Now Germany must rely on the Balkans, the bulk of whose fields will remain unplowed. Because the war has closed the most important fishing grounds, the demand for meat has rapidly increased. Fats are the Reich's most urgent need. She would rely on Norway for whale oil, but Norway says she cannot risk or spare whaling ships in these times. The universal shortage of fodder was being felt in the curtailing of both beef and butter imports. The Chinese supply of oil seeds was cut off by lack of transport facilities. In the days just preceding Ger-

many's breakdown from hunger in the World War, consumption had reached one-third less bread and flour, one-quarter less meat — but about one-tenth less fats — than normal. It was the lack of fats that undermined the nation. Today, Germany faces the same calamity within the year.

Despite superhuman efforts, the Nazis failed to make the grade of self-sufficiency, being able to show only 80 per cent. Every day of their gigantic war effort reduces this percentage. Nature has dealt the Reich a terrific blow with the worst winter in a decade. Enormous reserves of potatoes, turnips, carrots and cabbages were spoiled by the excessive frost. The canned goods reserved for an emergency have already been allotted to the army. The great food-yielding areas of conquered Poland, ravaged by armies, hold only millions of starving Poles. The formerly busy food ports of Hamburg and Bremen are blockaded. The shifting of large peasant populations to unfamiliar terrains is making a serious mess of rural efficiency. Finally, the Germans have begun to feel the full effects of the badly hit hog market of 1938 and the hoof-and-mouth disease that wiped out one-third of their cattle breeders. Only a miracle can rescue the Third

Reich from a repetition of 1918.

What about the helping hand of Germany's expansive ally, Soviet Russia? Potentially, Russia is the richest country in the world. But it is the most unreliable. The weakest point in its economy is transportation. The greatest wheat country in the world, the Soviet Union has the longest continuous breadline in the world. With vast spaces and resources, it runs a close third to India and China in its record of famines. Not always a shortage of grain, but of flour, due to neglect in the upkeep of modern mills. The winter of 1939 began with a shortage of potatoes and milk. The flock of German experts have arrived too late to prevent general undernourishment or another Russian famine next winter. At the beginning of the year news began to seep out about the worst food shortage since the famine of 1932-33. Peasants were flocking to the cities: always a sinister symptom. Police were searching passengers on trains to stop the drain of food from the cities. Only by starving millions of its own citizens (not an impossible contingency) could Russia help feed Germany this year. But a starving and collapsing Russia will be nearly as dangerous to Hitler as a lost offensive.

III

Like Germany, France and England have become increasingly industrial nations, with diminishing rural and peasant populations. Of the three, the French are by far the most frugal. By the same token, they cannot reduce their limited diet much without endangering public health. The French grow most of their food supply, on thousands of tiny farms. Oil seeds and cereals are staples which they must import. During the World War France was partly occupied for four dreadful years. She could then rely on Spain and other neighbors for *soupons* to ward off actual starvation; today she cannot.

Despite France's experience, she has been slow to follow Germany's policy of immediate and rigid domestic economy. She did not proclaim meatless days until January. Food rationing cards did not appear until March. Meanwhile, 200,000 Spanish Loyalist refugees and 100,000 others from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Germany and Austria are gnawing away at her food supplies. As a candid official warning put it: "France is daily producing less and eating as much — in some cases more — than before. Our stores of food are alarmingly low." On the eve of spring

planting, a survey of women available for the fields revealed that 30 per cent, or 500,000 of them, were already at work in munitions factories, compared with only 400,000 in the World War. At once, 80,000 Poilu peasants were selected from the army, but the High Command put its foot down, afraid that an offensive might break in the spring. Now it has been decided that 70,000 field workers shall be brought from the colonies. Where will they get nearly a hundred empty ships to carry them? Isn't it likely that in their comparative inefficiency they would not raise more than enough to feed themselves?

Thus the skulking enemy, scarcity, is already stalking behind the lines.

Britain began rationing early, but with the confident feeling that the blessed Empire would always look after her. After six months of governmental dawdling with food supplies, David Lloyd George brought the British partly to their senses. "The grim specter of hunger is on the horizon!" he warned them. Their food position, he added, was worse than in the World War when, if the Americans had not come to their rescue, they would have been starved out. He cautioned them not to expect much from the neutrals. "We are

dependent for 60 per cent of our food supplies from outside sources!" he roared in the press. "There are five million more mouths to fill than in 1918 and one million tons less of shipping capacity! The enemy is sinking twice as much shipping to-day as in the first six months of 1914! Every man and woman and every acre of soil in England is needed for victory!" His harangue led to 3,000,000 acres of aristocrats' grassland being plowed under.

British farms could not feed the country two days a week on short rations. The bulk was coming from the Dominions, far overseas. Food resources had become so low by February that persons over six were being rationed only a pound of meat a week (including four ounces of bacon or ham or the despised doctored mutton called "macon"), four ounces of butter and twelve of sugar. Meanwhile, precursors of undernourishment were piling up on England's isolated isle. Increasing numbers of British merchantmen were being withdrawn as food carriers, or being sunk by the enemy. Normal trade routes were no longer accessible, and the convoy system sapped whole fleets at a time and doubled the length of delivery time.

In 1938, Britain imported 12 per

cent of her foodstuffs, chiefly dairy products and bacon, from Denmark and Norway. Trade with those countries has been partly severed. India, which bountifully contributed foodstuffs during the World War, is carrying on an effective campaign of non-participation. The West Indies, a source of food in 1914, are themselves half starving. British fishermen are running short of boats and men and the former staple supply of seafood is dwindling. The Minister of Agriculture has suggested that Britons catch eels in their home lakes and eat them. Reports of crews of foreign vessels refusing to sail for England despite huge bonuses are becoming more frequent. In the first four months of the war, commodities rose 28 per cent in price — 70 per cent above 1914 levels. Even meagre amounts of food were gradually receding from the reach of the million and a half unemployed and the vast army of unemployables on the dole.

Thirty million men are under arms in Europe. It requires the full time of two other workers to keep each man-at-arms supplied with sustenance, clothing and ammunition. Thus ninety million able-bodied are forced out of the orbit of peaceful production. All normal

life is unavoidably thrown out of adjustment. Above all, the normal planting and production of foodstuffs, their transportation and distribution must suffer. European agrarian economy has always been a tight squeeze under the best conditions. Now man-power and horse-power and fuel for mechanized farming are all being siphoned off for purposes of destruction.

After an acknowledged "best harvest in years," peoples are already facing breadlines throughout Europe. What will it mean a year from now, if this war of extermination really gets going? The total war will furrow the fields with shells instead of plowshares, will sow them with corpses instead of corn. Military occupation will only be a signal for sabotage, arson and pillage. Morris Troper, European director of a great American charitable organization, on arriving in America recently told the press, "Europe threatens to become one of the greatest famine areas of all time." He was summing up my own impressions after months of observation, and the impressions of numerous other observers.

Europe faces famine! And because man is born with the instinct of self-preservation, revolution is sure to follow. What kind of revolution no one can guess.

FREEDOM AND THE COLLEGES

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

BEFORE discussing the present status of academic freedom it may be as well to consider what we mean by the term. The essence of academic freedom is that teachers should be chosen for their expertness in the subject they are to teach, and that the judges of this expertness should be other experts. Whether a man is a good mathematician, or physicist, or chemist, can only be judged by other mathematicians, or physicists, or chemists. By them, however, it can be judged with a fair degree of unanimity.

The opponents of academic freedom hold that other conditions besides a man's skill in his own department should be taken into consideration. He should, they think, have never expressed any opinion which controverts those of the holders of power. This is a sharp issue, and one on which the totalitarian states have taken a vigorous line. Russia never enjoyed academic freedom except during the brief reign of Kerensky, but I think there is even less of it now than there was under the Tsars.

Germany, before the war, while lacking many forms of liberty, recognized pretty fully the principle of freedom in university teaching. Now all this is changed, with the result that with few exceptions the ablest of the learned men of Germany are in exile. In Italy, though in a slightly milder form, there is a similar tyranny over universities. In Western democracies it is generally recognized that this state of affairs is deplorable. It cannot, however, be denied that there are tendencies which might lead to somewhat similar evils.

The danger is one which democracy by itself does not suffice to avert. A democracy in which the majority exercises its powers without restraint, may be almost as tyrannical as a dictatorship. Toleration of minorities is an essential part of wise democracy, but a part which is not always sufficiently remembered.

In relation to university teachers, these general considerations are re-enforced by some that are especially applicable to their case.

University teachers are supposed to be men with special knowledge and special training such as should fit them to approach controversial questions in a manner peculiarly likely to throw light upon them. To decree that they are to be silent upon controversial issues is to deprive the community of the benefit which it might derive from their training in impartiality. The Chinese empire, many centuries ago, recognized the need of licensed criticism, and therefore established a Board of Censors, consisting of men with a reputation for learning and wisdom, and endowed with the right to find fault with the Emperor and his government. Unfortunately, like everything else in traditional China, this institution became conventionalized. There were certain things that the censors were allowed to censure, notably the excessive power of eunuchs, but if they wandered into unconventional fields of criticism the Emperor was apt to forget their immunity. Much the same thing is happening among us. Over a wide field criticism is permitted, but where it is felt to be really dangerous, some form of punishment is apt to befall its author.

Academic freedom in this country is threatened from two sources: the plutocracy, and the churches,

which endeavor between them to establish an economic and a theological censorship. The two are easily combined by the accusation of communism, which is recklessly hurled against anyone whose opinions are disliked. For example, I have observed with interest that, although I have criticized the Soviet government severely ever since 1920, and although in recent years I have emphatically expressed the opinion that it is at least as bad as the government of the Nazis, my critics ignore all this and quote triumphantly the one or two sentences in which, in moments of hope, I have suggested the possibility of good ultimately coming out of Russia.

The technique for dealing with men whose opinions are disliked by certain groups of powerful individuals has been well perfected, and is a great danger to ordered progress. If the man concerned is still young and comparatively obscure, his official superiors may be induced to accuse him of professional incompetence, and he may be quietly dropped. With older men who are too well known for this method to be successful, public hostility is stirred up by means of misrepresentation. The majority of teachers naturally do not care to expose themselves to these risks,

and avoid giving public expression to their less orthodox opinions. This is a dangerous state of affairs, by which disinterested intelligence is partially muzzled, and the forces of conservatism and obscurantism persuade themselves that they can remain triumphant.

II

The principle of liberal democracy, which inspired the founders of the American Constitution, was that controversial questions should be decided by argument rather than by force. Liberals have always held that opinion should be formed by untrammelled debate, not by allowing only one side to be heard. Tyrannical governments, both ancient and modern, have taken the opposite view. For my part, I see no reason to abandon the liberal tradition in this matter. If I held power, I should not seek to prevent my opponents from being heard. I should seek to provide equal facilities for all opinions, and leave the outcome to the consequences of discussion and debate. Among the academic victims of German persecution in Poland there are, to my knowledge, some eminent logicians who are completely orthodox Catholics. I should do everything in my power to obtain academic

positions for these men, in spite of the fact that their coreligionists do not return the compliment.

The fundamental difference between the liberal and the illiberal outlook is that the former regards all questions as open to discussion and all opinions as open to a greater or less measure of doubt, while the latter holds in advance that certain opinions are absolutely unquestionable, and that no argument against them must be allowed to be heard. What is curious about this position is the belief that if impartial investigation were permitted it would lead men to the wrong conclusion, and that ignorance is, therefore, the only safeguard against error. This point of view is one which cannot be accepted by any man who wishes reason rather than prejudice to govern human action.

The liberal outlook is one which arose in England and Holland during the late seventeenth century, as a reaction against the wars of religion. These wars had raged with great fury for 130 years without producing the victory of either party. Each party felt an absolute certainty that it was in the right and that its victory was of the utmost importance to mankind. At the end, sensible men grew weary of the indecisive struggle and decided that both sides were mis-

taken in their dogmatic certainty. John Locke, who expressed the new point of view both in philosophy and in politics, wrote at the beginning of an era of growing toleration. He emphasized the fallibility of human judgments, and ushered in an era of progress which lasted until 1914. It is owing to the influence of Locke and his school that Catholics enjoy toleration in Protestant countries, and Protestants in Catholic countries. Where the controversies of the seventeenth century are concerned, men have more or less learned the lesson of toleration, but in regard to the new controversies that have arisen since the end of the Great War the wise maxims of the philosophers of liberalism have been forgotten. We are no longer horrified by Quakers, as were the earnest Christians of Charles II's court, but we are horrified by the men who apply to present-day problems the same outlook and the same principles that seventeenth century Quakers applied to the problems of their day. Opinions which we disagree with acquire a certain respectability by antiquity, but a new opinion which we do not share invariably strikes us as shocking.

There are two possible views as to the proper functioning of democracy. According to one view,

the opinions of the majority should prevail absolutely in all fields. According to the other view, wherever a common decision is not necessary, different opinions should be represented, as nearly as possible, in proportion to their numerical frequency. The results of these two views in practice are very different. According to the former view, when the majority has decided in favor of some opinion, no other must be allowed to be expressed, or if expressed at all must be confined to obscure and un-influential channels. According to the other view, minority opinions should be given the same opportunities for expression as are given to majority opinions, but only in a lesser degree.

This applies in particular to teaching. A man or woman who is to hold a teaching post under the state should not be required to express majority opinions, though naturally a majority of teachers will do so. Uniformity in the opinions expressed by teachers is not only not to be sought, but is, if possible, to be avoided, since diversity of opinion among preceptors is essential to any sound education. No man can pass as educated who has heard only one side on questions as to which the public is divided. One of the most important

things to teach in the educational establishments of a democracy is the power of weighing arguments, and the open mind which is prepared in advance to accept whichever side appears the more reasonable. As soon as a censorship is imposed upon the opinions which teachers may avow, education ceases to serve this purpose and tends to produce, instead of a nation of men, a herd of fanatical bigots. Since the end of the Great War, fanatical bigotry has revived until it has become over a great part of the world as virulent as during the wars of religion. All those who oppose free discussion and who seek to impose a censorship upon the opinions to which the young are to be exposed are doing their share in increasing this bigotry and in plunging the world further into the abyss of strife and intolerance from which Locke and his coadjutors gradually rescued it.

There are two questions which are not sufficiently distinguished: the one as to the best form of government; the other as to the functions of government. I have no doubt in my mind that democracy is the best *form* of government, but it may go as much astray as any other form in regard to the *functions* of government. There are certain matters on which common ac-

tion is necessary; as to these, the common action should be decided by the majority. There are other matters on which a common decision is neither necessary nor desirable. These matters include the sphere of opinion. Since there is a natural tendency for those who have power to exercise it to the utmost, it is a necessary safeguard against tyranny that there should be institutions and organized bodies which possess, either in practice or in theory, a certain limited independence of the state. Such freedom as exists in the countries which derive their civilizations from Europe is traceable historically to the conflict between church and state in the middle ages. In the Byzantine Empire the church was subdued by the state, and to this fact we may trace the total absence of any tradition of freedom in Russia, which derived its civilization from Constantinople. In the West, first the Catholic Church and then the various Protestant sects gradually acquired certain liberties as against the state.

Academic freedom, in particular, was originally a part of the freedom of the church, and accordingly suffered eclipse in England in the time of Henry VIII. In every state, I repeat, no matter what its form of government, the preservation of

freedom demands the existence of bodies of men having a certain limited independence of the state, and among such bodies it is important that universities should be included. In America at the present day there is more academic freedom in private universities than in such as are nominally under a democratic authority, and this is due to a very widespread misconception as to the proper functions of government.

III

Taxpayers think that since they pay the salaries of university teachers they have a right to decide what these men shall teach. This principle, if logically carried out, would mean that all the advantages of superior education enjoyed by university professors are to be nullified, and that their teaching is to be the same as it would be if they had no special competence. "Folly, doctor-like, controlling skill" is one of the things that made Shakespeare cry for restful death. Yet democracy, as understood by many Americans, requires that such control should exist in all state universities. The exercise of power is agreeable, especially when it is an obscure individual who exercises power over a prominent one.

The Roman soldier who killed Archimedes, if in his youth he had been compelled to study geometry, must have enjoyed a quite special thrill in ending the life of so eminent a malefactor. An ignorant American bigot can enjoy the same thrill in pitting his democratic power against men whose views are obnoxious to the uneducated.

There is perhaps a special danger in democratic abuses of power, namely, that being collective they are stimulated by mob hysteria. The man who has the art of arousing the witch-hunting instincts of the mob has a quite peculiar power for evil in a democracy where the habit of the exercise of power by the majority has produced that intoxication and impulse to tyranny which the exercise of authority almost invariably produces sooner or later. Against this danger the chief protection is a sound education designed to combat the tendency to irrational eruptions of collective hate. Such an education the bulk of university teachers desire to give, but their masters in the plutocracy and the hierarchy make it as difficult as possible for them to carry out this task effectively. For it is to the irrational passions of the mass that these men owe their power, and they know that they would fall if the power of rational

thinking became common. Thus the interlocking power of stupidity below and love of power above paralyzes the efforts of rational men. Only through a greater measure of academic freedom than has yet been achieved in the public educational institutions of this country can this evil be averted.

The persecution of unpopular forms of intelligence is a very grave danger to any country, and has not infrequently been the cause of national ruin. The stock example is Spain, where the expulsion of the Jews and Moors led to the decay of agriculture and the adoption of a completely mad finance. These two causes, though their effects were masked at first by the power of Charles V, were mainly responsible for the decline of Spain from its dominant position in Europe. It may safely be assumed that the same causes will produce the same effects in Germany, ultimately, if not in the near future. In Russia, where the same evils have been in operation for a longer time, the effects have become plainly visible, even in the incompetence of the military machine.

Russia is, for the moment, the most perfect example of a country where ignorant bigots have the degree of control that they are attempting to acquire in New

York. Professor A. V. Hill quotes the following from the *Astronomical Journal of the Soviet Union* for December, 1938:

1. Modern bourgeois cosmogony is in a state of deep ideological confusion resulting from its refusal to accept the only true dialectic-materialistic concept, namely, the infinity of the universe with respect to space as well as time.

2. The hostile work of the agents of Fascism, who at one time managed to penetrate to leading positions in certain astronomical and other institutions as well as in the press, has led to revolting propaganda of counter-revolutionary bourgeois ideology in the literature.

3. The few existing Soviet materialistic works on problems of cosmology have remained in isolation and have been suppressed by the enemies of the people, until recently.

4. Wide circles interested in science have been taught, at best, only in the spirit of indifference toward the ideological aspect of the current bourgeois cosmologic theories. . . .

5. The exposé of the enemies of the Soviet people makes necessary the development of a new Soviet materialistic cosmology. . . .

6. It is deemed necessary that Soviet science should enter the international scientific arena carrying concrete achievements in cosmologic theories on the basis of our philosophic methodology.

For "Soviet" substitute "American," for "Fascism" substitute "Communism," for "dialectic-materialism" substitute "Catholic truth," and you will obtain a document to which the enemies of aca-

democratic freedom in this country might almost subscribe.

IV

There is one encouraging feature about the situation, which is that the tyranny of the majority in America, so far from being new, is probably less than it was a hundred years ago. Anybody may draw this conclusion from De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. Much of what he says is still applicable, but some of his observations are certainly no longer true. I can not agree, for example, "that in no country in the civilized world is less attention paid to philosophy than in the United States." But I think there is still some justice, though less than in De Tocqueville's day, in the following passage:

In America the majority raises very formidable barriers to the liberty of opinion: within these barriers an author may write whatever he pleases, but he will repent it if he ever step beyond them. Not that he is exposed to the terrors of an auto-da-fé, but he is tormented by the slights and persecutions of daily obloquy. His political career is closed forever, since he has offended the only authority which is able to promote his success. Every sort of compensation, even that of celebrity, is refused to him. Before he published his opinions he imagined that he held them in common with many others; but no sooner has he declared them openly than he is loudly

censured by his overbearing opponents, whilst those who think without having the courage to speak, like him, abandon him in silence. He yields at length, oppressed by the daily efforts he has been making, and he subsides into silence, as if he was tormented by remorse for having spoken the truth.

I think it must also be admitted that De Tocqueville is right in what he says about the power of society over the individual in a democracy:

When the inhabitant of a democratic country compares himself individually with all those about him, he feels with pride that he is the equal of any one of them; but when he comes to survey the totality of his fellows, and to place himself in contrast to so huge a body, he is instantly overwhelmed by the sense of his own insignificance and weakness. The same equality which renders him independent of each of his fellow-citizens taken severally, exposes him alone and unprotected to the influence of the greater number. The public has therefore among a democratic people a singular power, of which aristocratic nations could never so much as conceive an idea; for it does not persuade to certain opinions, but it enforces them, and infuses them into the faculties by a sort of enormous pressure of the minds of all upon the reason of each.

The diminution in the stature of the individual through the hugeness of the Leviathan has, since De Tocqueville's day, taken enormous strides, not only, and not chiefly, in democratic countries. It is a most serious menace to the

world of western civilization, and is likely, if unchecked, to bring intellectual progress to an end. For all serious intellectual progress depends upon a certain kind of self-respect, a certain kind of independence of outside opinion, which cannot exist where the will of the majority is treated with that kind of religious respect which the orthodox give to the will of God. A respect for the will of the majority is more harmful than respect for the will of God, because the will of the majority can be ascertained. Some forty years ago, in the town of Durban, a member of the Flat Earth Society challenged the world to public debate. The challenge was taken up by a sea captain whose only argument in favor of the world's being round was that he had been round it. This argument, of course, was easily disposed of, and the Flat-Earth propagandist obtained a two-thirds majority. The voice of the people having been thus declared, the true democrat must conclude that in Durban the earth is flat. I hope that from that time onward no one was allowed to teach in the public schools of Durban (there is, I believe, no university there) unless he subscribed to the declaration that the roundness of the earth is an infidel dogma designed to lead to commu-

nism and the destruction of the family. As to this however, my information is deficient.

Collective wisdom, alas, is no adequate substitute for the intelligence of individuals. Individuals who opposed received opinions have been the source of all progress, both moral and intellectual. They have been unpopular, as was natural. Socrates, Christ, and Galileo all equally incurred the censure of the orthodox. But in former times the machinery of suppression was far less adequate than it is in our day, and the heretic, even if executed, still obtained adequate publicity. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, but this is no longer true in a country like modern Germany, where the martyrdom is secret and no means exists of spreading the martyr's doctrine.

The opponents of academic freedom, if they could have their way, would reduce this country to the level of Germany as regards the promulgation of doctrines of which they disapprove. They would substitute organized tyranny for individual thought; they would proscribe everything new; they would cause the community to ossify, and in the end they would produce a series of generations which would pass from birth to death without

leaving any trace in the history of mankind. To some it may seem that what they are demanding at the moment is not a very grave matter. Of what importance, it may be said, is such a question as academic freedom in a world distracted by war, tormented by persecution, and abounding in concentration camps for those who will not be accomplices in iniquity? In comparison with such things, I admit, the issue of academic freedom is not in itself of the first magnitude. But it is part and parcel of the same battle. Let it be remembered that what is at stake, in the greatest issues as well as in those that seem smaller, is the freedom of the individual human spirit to express its beliefs and hopes for mankind, whether they be shared by many or by few or none. New hopes, new beliefs, and new thoughts are at all times necessary to mankind, and it is not out of a dead uniformity that they can be expected to arise.



A MAN AND HIS HOUSE

BY MATTHEW BILLER

A HOUSE that's built upon the sands
May hold a little love and pleasure,
And other things a fool may treasure,
While it stands.

A house set carefully in stone
Will turn the force of rain and tide,
And monument the futile pride
Of man when he is gone.

But when a house is built on pain
And sills of want and secret laughter
It's fit for standing in the rain,
And fit for what is after.

THE BONUS LOBBY RIDES AGAIN

BY STANLEY HIGH

A NEW tentacle from an old octopus quietly slithered into the Capitol during this session of Congress. If allowed to grow, it will suck from the Treasury of the United States an estimated thirty-five billion dollars. The money will be sucked from all the people; it will go to a minority who have no honorable claim upon it. That they will get it — the public-be-damned — seems likely. They will get it, barring the uprising of a public damned too often, because the power behind the octopus is the ex-soldiers' lobby. Between it and the till is only the Congress of the United States which that lobby, despite the patriotic good sense of the vast body of ex-soldiers for whom it presumes to speak, long ago learned how to cow.

The tentacle itself looks harmless enough. Its first cost to the government may be no more than \$25,000,000 a year. Small change! That sum is for widows and orphans and dependent parents. Gallant gesture! In fact, so plausible has it been made to appear and so quietly

has it been maneuvered that its approach has caused none of the outcry which, when it is too late, is almost certain to arise. Close-up, the twenty-five million involved turns out to be important, not for what it is but for what it threatens. And the widows and orphans are first, not because of chivalry, but as a shield. This particular army is not operating in front of the women and children, but behind them.

The measure embodying this devious strategy provides pensions to widows and orphans of World War soldiers. The pension will not be confined to widows of soldiers who died because of disabilities incurred in the war. They are rightly pensioned already, none too generously, and nobody begrudges that outlay. Neither will it be limited to widows of men who went overseas. If, on the eve of the Armistice the government drafted a young man into the army and if, for three months, he served his country in some pleasant cantonment, his widow — regardless of when or how he later died — will

be qualified to collect. If she had a child by the former soldier, she will be qualified if her marriage to him took place at any time up to the passage of the measure, though it is twenty-one years since the war. If childless, she must have been married prior to July 3, 1919, when the war officially ended.

The amount she can collect will be limited, at this come-on stage of the game, to \$20 a month, with six dollars added for one child and four dollars each for additional children. The unpretentious \$25,000,000 first-year cut will increase as time takes its added toll among ex-soldiers of the war. Within a decade the bill may be a billion a year.

If the ex-soldiers' lobby succeeds in getting this pension it is almost certain to be back next year, or some year thereafter, to push through pensions for all widows regardless of when they married. Such a procedure will conform both to the time-tried tactics of the lobby and to the precedents already set for widows of the died-in-bed soldiers of previous wars. At this session, for example, the House Committee has reported favorably a bill to pension, at \$50 to \$75 a month, widows who married veterans forty years or more after the Civil War. The last pension-draw-

ing widow of the American Revolution died in 1906. One pensioner of the War of 1812 is still collecting. On such a basis, some purposeful young woman who marries a World War soldier late in his declining years will be collecting as a World War widow in the 128th post-war year of our Lord, 2046.

But if history, precedent and the off-the-record statements of the ex-soldiers' lobbyists mean a thing, then it is not pensions for World War widows that are most portentously on the way, but pensions for the World War soldiers themselves. The ultimate, additional cost of that to the American pocketbook will exceed twenty billions. Already, bills to pension World War veterans sixty years old and above are before the House Committee. One, calling for \$60 a month, would cost \$112,000,000 a year at the outset, rise steadily for ten years, then dwindle.

II

Soldiers' pensions are not a new American phenomenon. It has been a long-standing assumption that after every war we should have to pay our heroes. The Northern veterans of the Civil War were pensioned. Two years ago, Mr. Roosevelt signed a bill which granted \$60

a month to all soldiers, sixty-five years and beyond, of our 100 days' war with Spain. That, said Mr. Roosevelt, was to set no pension precedent for the World War soldiery. "Theirs is a different case." The difference was not because patriotism among the organized soldiers of the World War had no monetary value. It was because Congress, with what proved to be futile foresight, adopted a non-pension plan by which to pay them.

Basic army pay was fixed at \$30 a month. That was twice the pay for the Spanish-American War. To every soldier honorably discharged, the government gave \$60. That cost \$244,000,000. War Risk Insurance policies were taken out on the men in service. Three-fourths of the cost of this came from the Treasury. To date, more than two billion dollars has been paid out on those policies. Policies still in force (converted now to straight life insurance) total \$2,500,000,000. To help the soldiers in their return to peace-time occupations, the government organized a vast vocational training program. That cost \$645,000,000. All in all, to protect itself against post-war raids on the Treasury, the government spent three billion dollars. It was the fond, patriotic hope that with this

unprecedented liberality the ex-soldiers would be satisfied.

They were — for something less than a year. When an American Legion caucus met in May, 1919, the delegates rousingly agreed with "Young Teddy" Roosevelt that their objective was "to put something into the government, instead of subtracting something from it." But by November, when the first Legion convention met, the professional veteran had put in his appearance. The patriotism he preached had a golden glow. The convention plumped for the bonus — more palatably described as "adjusted compensation." Since then, the professional veterans and their supporting minority have had things pretty much their own way. Since 1919 they have bowled over, one after another, the obstacles which stood between the already well-rewarded ex-soldiers and a blanket pension.

The bonus itself was such an obstacle. In the bonus law forced from Congress by the ex-soldiers — and over the veto of President Coolidge — the men received one dollar for each day of service, \$1.25 additional for each day served overseas, on the theory that this adjusted the difference between soldiers' pay and the wages of civilians. The grant was made in bonus

certificates due to mature in 1945. But the far-sighted professional patriots were aware that by 1945, with the veterans passing middle age, the time would be ripe for a pension drive. They were aware also that such a drive could not very well be staged with the bonus falling due. The conclusion was inescapable: cash the bonus early, give the country a spell in which to forget, and then clear the decks for the supreme clean-up.

Consequently, and over the veto of President Roosevelt, the bonus agreement was broken under duress of the most arrogant lobby this country ever has seen and the bonus was paid in 1936 — nine years ahead of schedule. That cost the government \$3,732,000,000.

But there were other pension obstacles to be cleared. Early legislation had put the veterans actually disabled in the service of their country in a class by themselves. Laws were passed, none of them too liberal, to care for them and to compensate their dependents. The country emphatically approved. The service-disabled soldier was, to the extent of his disability, a just charge upon the government.

That charge has been grudgingly met. Until 1938, when the amount was raised to \$38, a bona fide World War widow — whose husband's

death was a result of war service — received only \$30 a month. The country undoubtedly would support Congressional measures aimed at dealing more liberally with the actual casualties of the war. But since the dead do not vote and the votes of the war-wounded are few, the politicians are likely to continue to economize at the expense of the authentic veterans and open the spigot for the ex-soldiers. The first step in this direction came when the professional veterans began to force acceptance of the assumption that all ex-soldiers, war-disabled or not, are permanently privileged and a charge upon the government. Part of their maneuvering went on, as at present, behind the widows and orphans. Prior to 1933, a widow could collect monthly compensation averaging \$29.21 only if her ex-soldier husband had died from causes connected with the war. That sensible distinction was wiped out.

First, the lobbyists put through a bill which made it unnecessary for the widow to prove that her husband's death had any connection with the war. All she had to prove was that war had inflicted upon him a 30 per cent disability. The coffers were opened, regardless of whether that disability had anything whatsoever to do with his

passing. But the 30 per cent disability item made too great a distinction between the authentic and wounded veterans and the unharmed millions of ex-soldiers. Consequently, in 1937, the degree of disability necessary to permit the widow to collect — and regardless of the cause of death — was reduced to 20 per cent. In 1938, it was further reduced to 10 per cent. Last year regulations were further liberalized. The law once provided that the widow could not collect if the soldier's death was due to his own misconduct. That provision was eliminated. The law required that the widow should have had at least one child by her ex-soldier husband. That restriction was likewise removed.

The widows and orphans were the screen for a bigger maneuver. In 1933 Congress, wincing under the screws, decreed pensions to all permanently disabled soldiers regardless of whether or not their disability was traceable to war. Thus, ex-soldiers were lifted into the permanently privileged classification once reserved for the war-wounded. Thus, also, the principle of the government's permanent obligation to support them was established.

This accumulated partial-pension legislation, up to June 30, 1939, had

netted the ex-soldiers and their dependents \$3,838,000,000. Then the drive was extended.

III

Immediately after the war, the government instituted a program of hospitalization to care for the bona fide war casualties. Today, it is no longer necessary for ex-soldiers to have war-connected disabilities to secure free hospitalization in eighty-four institutions. In fact, since 1924, 75 per cent or 1,206,966 of all those admitted into veterans' hospitals have been treated for ailments not traceable to the war. The percentage is increasing. Last year it was 92 per cent. For good measure, free dental service is also provided. Last year 72,000 ex-soldiers were given free dental treatment at a cost to the government of \$1,000,000. Likewise, the government guarantees, up to \$100, a hero's burial for every ex-soldier. That, in 1939, cost \$220,000 a month.

Thus, in addition to the three billion dollars which the government spent to provide just compensation and to protect the public till, the ex-soldiers have collected seven billion. And in the process the lobbyists have managed to get the ex-service man about where he

needs to be to score his final and biggest killing: on a par with the pensioned war-wounded and with the pensioned dependents of the war-dead. The current measure for widows and orphans will just about complete that strategy. The widow will not be required to show that her husband was in any degree injured in the war, or that he ever got within 5000 miles of the fighting. What she will have to show is an honorable discharge indicating that her late ex-soldier served, somewhere, for as long as ninety days.

It is already clear that pensions for all are hard on the heels of this proposal. The concluding plank in the current legislative platform of the Veterans of Foreign Wars is this: "honorably discharged sixty-five-year-old, ninety-day world war veterans to receive pensions of \$60 a month." Thus, after this long and costly maneuvering, the threat is in the open.

The most important personalities behind the threat are Colonel John Thomas Taylor, head Washington lobbyist for the American Legion, Millard W. Rice, head lobbyist for the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Representative John E. Rankin, chairman of the House Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation.

Taylor, handsome and husky, has grown gray at his post. The walls of his unpretentious office are lined with bound volumes which contain, as far as it is humanly possible to collect them, every important word that has been spoken on World War veterans' legislation. They will go, after the veterans' lobby has tottered from the scene, to the Library of Congress for posterity to view and marvel at. Almost single-handedly, Colonel Taylor has made the Legion's Legislative Committee what it is today: the Capitol's most fear-provoking lobby. The Colonel's friendliness has a hard-boiled undertone. He shrugs off his critics, side-steps premature commitments and chooses his words with political discretion. At an earlier period he eschewed "the bonus," preferring instead "adjusted compensation." Nowadays, he does not speak of "pensions." His word for it is "protection."

Millard Rice of the V.F.W. is short, voluble and emphatic. He is also less choosy. He "knows" that the Legion, behind the scenes, is moving toward pensions. "The records show," he says, "that we generally anticipate the Legion's plans by about two years." Colonel Taylor, on that point, is suggestively wary. "This year," he says,

"we are not pushing for pensions. As for the future, who knows?"

On Capitol Hill, Mr. Rankin, a twenty-two-day veteran himself, swings in his swivel chair, ruffles his thinning but still unruly hair and views the developing tide without alarm. Tides of this sort do not engulf him. He rides them. In defense of the current legislation which will pension the widows of the ninety-day heroes he recently let Congress know that "this great country of ours does not neglect the man who bared his breast to the enemy in time of war." He, like Colonel Taylor, dislikes to speak of pensions. What he prefers to speak of is the necessity of granting "something" to the ex-soldiers at once lest "something bigger" be irresistibly demanded too soon.

When, generalised by this trio, the organized ex-soldiery of the World War get their pensions, they and their lobbyists will have sold patriotism for more money than it ever brought before in all the record of mercenary soldiering. It

can be safely assumed that a majority of the World War's ex-soldiers, a majority also of the American Legion, desires no such highly dubious distinction. This developing crisis, as much as that of 1917, is theirs to meet. Only they can stop the threat of this new depredation. Only they can preserve, untarnished, some part of the uncalculating idealism with which their generation went forth to war.

The Organization of Disabled Veterans, numbering 50,000, is not supporting the pension drive. The American Veterans Association, 17,000 strong, is waging a gallant fight against it. But they are not enough. Officers and members of local capital Legion and V.F.W. posts and state organizations should realize what their Washington lobbies are doing in their name and take their stand against it. Many Legionnaires call themselves conservative, protest against government spending, demand budget-balancing. Here is a chance for them to show their true colors.



IF RUSSIA TURNS ON CHINA

BY FREDA UTLEY

THE loyal support given to Chiang Kai-shek's government by the Chinese communists has been until now one of the chief factors in holding China united in the face of invasion. Without it Chiang could not have continued fighting Japan for three years in spite of fearful military and economic handicaps. Should that support be withdrawn, the central authorities may find it impossible to maintain the present political amalgam which includes everything from reactionary village gentry and bankers to the extreme Left. A break-up of the united front against Japan would almost inevitably mean a new instalment of regional and class wars in China's tragic history. Yet it is precisely such a break-up which looms on the horizon, through the growing possibility of the defection of the organized communists. If it takes place, the Far Eastern picture will be suddenly and violently altered, the China war may merge with the European war, and the interests of the United States would be more

intimately affected than they have been by anything in Europe thus far.

The policies of the Soviet Union in the Far East, particularly as mirrored in the attitude of the Chinese communists, have received scant attention in the rest of the world. But in the long run they may overshadow all other international events.

It should be recalled that the transformation of the Chinese Communist Party into a champion of democracy and *national* salvation came as part of a similar transformation of all sections of the Communist International in 1935. It was wholly in conformity with the new "party line" then ordered by the Kremlin. That line has been completely reversed since the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pacts in August. Thousands of individual communists have rebelled against the somersault, but the organized and subsidized communist parties have accepted the change. The only exception to this general communist reversal is China, where

subordination of the Communist Party to the central government continues, and where the "democratic" slogans are still adhered to. There are growing indications, however, that everything is being made ready in China, too, for a reversal. The great question — and it is the crux of the problem — is whether the Chinese communists will obey. Are their leaders unprincipled opportunists of the same brand as communist leaders in Europe and America? Would they sacrifice Chinese unity, if ordered to do so, to advance Russian interests in the Far East?

These questions cannot and should not be answered too readily, despite the seeming subservience of General Mao Tse-tung, leader of the communist Eighth Route Army, to Moscow. In China, in contrast to Western Europe and the United States, the acceptance of "democratic" and national policies by the Communist Party in 1935 seemed logical and sincere. Having lost its working class backing in 1927, it had gradually become a party of peasant emancipation and middle-class reform. The Communist Party with which Chiang Kai-shek made his peace in Sian in December, 1936, had long ceased to be revolutionary or communist in the Marxian sense. In

1935 it had acknowledged that China needed a democratic capitalist development. The function of the Chinese communists, as defined by Mao Tse-tung in 1938, was "insistence on the war of resistance . . . insistence on the united front and on sustained warfare." Not merely the dictates of Moscow, but local necessities had brought about the united front.

Another fact to be borne in mind is that the position of the Chinese Communist Party is quite unlike that of any other section of the International. The Chinese communists are first and foremost an army and a provincial government. From one point of view they are merely one of several semi-independent provincial governments and armies. From another, they have been in recent years the focus of liberal reforming elements in China. A reversal of policy on signal from the Kremlin would thus seem more uncertain and difficult than for parties like those in the United States or England. As a political force the Chinese Communist Party would cease to exist (outside its own military region) should it receive and heed an order from Comintern headquarters to abandon the war of national liberation for a war upon the "White Guard government" of Chiang

Kai-shek. It would become simply a regional revolt and its Eighth Route Army generals would be in the same category as the warlords of the pre-Kuomintang era.

The possibility needs to be recognized and watched. If the Chinese communists are loyal to Stalin, the Soviet Union is in a position to offer Japan a temptingly high price to induce her to join up with Germany and Russia against the British and French Empires. Stalin can offer not only to cease selling arms to Chiang Kai-shek but to split China and cripple her resistance through civil conflicts. Although it is difficult to conceive of the communists openly helping the Japanese against Chiang Kai-shek (as it was difficult to conceive of communists helping Hitler in the West), the change would not need to be an avowed one. The communist leaders could achieve it indirectly by once again turning "revolutionary." They are fully aware that Chiang cannot give way to pressure from the Left without pushing the Right Wing forces in the Kuomintang into the arms of the Japanese.

It would not necessarily appear to the peasant soldiers of the Eighth Route Army as treason to the national cause should General Mao Tse-tung and other leaders

suddenly proclaim that the struggle is hopeless under Kuomintang leadership. They could revive old, now latent feelings against Chiang Kai-shek as the destroyer of trade unions and the butcher of communists. Then they could use their army to extend and strengthen their own military base in the northwest, with Moscow supplying them with the arms and advisers hitherto supplied to Chiang Kai-shek. Stalin might easily decide to "save" Communist China and adjoining provinces from the Japanese in much the same manner that he "saved" half of Poland from the Nazis.

II

Since the Russo-German rapprochement, the Kremlin's flirtations with Tokyo have scarcely been disguised, and the Chinese government has been correspondingly nervous. It had ample reason for misgivings when Premier Molotov in November offered an olive branch to Japan; when a little later the Soviet press accused Washington of trying to disturb friendly Soviet-Japanese relations; when Moscow sent an ambassador to Tokyo after a long hiatus. Even more disturbing was the fact that the whole tone of the Chinese Com-

munist Party towards the Chiang Kai-shek government began to change perceptibly.

For instance, previously the Chinese communists had not insisted on holding office in the central government, for fear of alarming conservative groups inside China and in the Western democracies. Now demands for political office are being made and become more vehement. In an interview with Edgar Snow, an American writer (published in the *China Weekly Review*, January 13 and 20), General Mao Tse-tung suddenly warned that the middle class and the peasantry must have more representation and that the communists would gladly participate in the central government. While still asserting that "in the present stage of the revolution the problem of primary importance is resistance to Japan," General Mao denied that there is any progress toward democracy in China and charged that the Kuomintang government "represents the same class interests as before the war." As harbinger of the end of the united front, this new attitude is significantly parallel to the changed communist tone in the rest of the world after the Soviet line-up with Hitler.

Previously the Chinese com-

munists had been vociferously anti-Nazi and anti-fascist. Now General Mao presented a new thesis. After the Russo-German pacts, he indicated, there was no longer any need to distinguish between democratic and fascist capitalist countries. The center of the anti-Soviet movement today, he said, is no longer in Germany but among "the so-called democratic countries"; Chamberlain and not Hitler is now Public Enemy Number One. By implication, thereafter, Mao in China, like the Browders and Cachins elsewhere, claimed that Hitler has now become the defender of the Soviet Union against "reactionary democratic capitalism." President Roosevelt, the communist Chinese leader said, is hoping "to win the leadership of the capitalist world and wants Chamberlain for a secretary and Japan as his rearguard, with Hitler and Mussolini as his vanguard." One needs only open any communist newspaper in any neutral nation to recognize that Mao is repeating the new Moscow catechism by rote.

His most significant words to Mr. Snow concerned the status and policy of the Chinese Communist Party. In 1938 he had stated clearly that the Border Region under control of his Eighth Route Army

"is an integral part of China and under the guidance of the central government." Now he stated that his Party is "entirely independent" and "has never submitted to any party or any group or any person." In 1938 he had told a World Student Delegation that the aim of the communists was the establishment of a democratic capitalist Chinese Republic which "would not persecute private property." Now he said that the Chinese communists "are always social revolutionaries, never reformists," and that although "for the present the revolution is national and democratic in the character of its aims, it will after a certain stage be transformed into social revolution."

While still awaiting Moscow's decision — which in turn awaits Tokyo's decision — Mao Tse-tung is obviously preparing the minds of his followers for the possibility of a Russo-Japanese rapprochement and for the abandonment of the war against Japan by the Eighth Route Army. Edgar Snow seems to have found all this hard to believe and to have been uneasy about Moscow's future action in the Far East. Mao had said that Soviet aid to China would necessarily depend upon whether China "continued determinedly to resist," and upon whether she "cooperates closely

with the Soviet Union." Snow thereupon asked: "Is it possible that this greater Soviet aid to China's liberation movement may take a form somewhat similar to what you call Soviet aid to Byelo Russian and Ukrainian liberation movements?" Mao replied ominously that such a possibility exists "according to Leninism." He said that the Soviet Union would "never sign a pact harmful to the national semi-colonial and colonial revolution," but this statement was meaningless taken in conjunction with his defense of Russia's invasion of Poland.

The Polish government, said Mao, was semi-fascist, oppressive to workers, "incompetent and wicked," had fought the communists for twenty years and, worst of all, was allied to imperialist Britain and France. Obviously such arguments can be applied with even greater force to Chiang Kai-shek's government if and when Moscow gives the order. It will be no trick at all for the communists the world over to discover that Chiang Kai-shek's government is counter-revolutionary and, like Poland's, "strategically a part of the Anglo-French imperialist front." It will be harder for Chinese communists to make this discovery, but already they are moving in that direction.

III

The territorial basis of the Chinese communists is in Shensi, Kansu and Ninghsia, the regions occupied by the Red Army in 1934-5 after its long march from Kiangsi. That area has been extended as a result of the Japanese war and now can be said to include large parts of North China nominally occupied by the Japanese but where guerrilla forces led by men trained in the Eighth Route military school actually control the countryside. In Central China, also, the communists have acquired a new base. The Fourth Route Army, operating south of Nanking in so-called occupied territory, was formed in 1938 from a nucleus of old Red Army fighters, and it is more or less under communist domination. The northwestern region, once known as Soviet China, has since been called the Special Area, or the Shen-Kan-Ning Border Region Government. The Eighth Route Army is composed of about 100,000 regular troops, but also commands thousands of partisans (armed peasants). Although we need not credit fully the idealized pictures of conditions in the northwest painted by Western communists and sympathizers, the reforms enforced by the Eighth Route Army have un-

doubtedly brought more social justice than exists elsewhere in China, except perhaps in Kwangsi.

In addition to the Border Government, one must take into account Sinkiang or Chinese Turkestan in the far west, which is now practically a Russian protectorate. In 1934 Russia set up in Sinkiang its own puppet ruler, General Sheng Shih-tsai, supported by refugee Chinese troops from Manchuria. Since the Japanese invasion of China, the USSR has quietly consolidated its position and converted Sinkiang for all practical purposes into a province of the Russian empire. The provincial army is officered by Russians and equipped with Russian arms. The air force is composed of Russian planes and its pilots are Russian-trained. There are said to be Russian garrisons in the strategic cities. So closely is the region linked with Russia that political purges in Moscow have their counterparts in Sinkiang; the fall of GPU chief Yagoda, for instance, was followed by the execution of the head of the Sinkiang Bureau of Public Safety.

If one considers Sinkiang and the communist northwest together, they have a population of twenty to twenty-five millions. It would be a mistake, however, to consider

Russian control and Chinese communist control as necessarily the same thing. Sinkiang is independent of Chiang Kai-shek and its population is not primarily Chinese. The northwest, on the other hand, is entirely Chinese and administered by communists who are Chinese, and has been until recently acknowledged by its military bosses as an integral part of China; the Eighth Route Army gets arms and money from Chiang Kai-shek, not from Moscow.

Until recently no alarm was felt in China concerning the presence of Soviet agencies and specialists along the new northwest road leading to Russia, in close proximity to the base of the Eighth Route Army at Yennan. In general, it was not done in China to mention the presence of Soviet military specialists, as I found when I questioned my interpreter at the main Yangtze front after I had run across five Russians in uniform in one day. But since the Nazi-Soviet get-together all this has changed. Moscow's behavior is being closely watched, and the central authorities are wondering whether the communists — which comes down to the Eighth Route Army and the Shen-Kan-Ning Border Government — will follow China or follow Russia in a possible showdown.

Mao's statements have undermined such hopes as persisted among liberal friends of China that the Chinese communists would prove to be radically different from the stooge-variety in other countries. Whether Mao speaks for all the communist leaders and the whole of the Eighth Route Army probably will not be known until Stalin forces a test, if he ever does. It may be that Mao himself does not grasp the implications of the new Moscow line and may be convinced that Moscow, and Moscow alone, can and will save China. His good intentions, however, will not help the Chinese people if they should be delivered by Stalin to a renewal of civil warfare, and then carved into spheres of domination between Japan and China. Whether the Chinese communists are Moscow's stooges or its dupes will make small practical difference.

Continuance of the united front is also being menaced, of course, from the other end, by Kuomintang leaders fearful of the expansion of communist control. Already there has been enough friction, and enough actual armed conflict in Kansu and Shensi to enable the Stalinists to blame the break, should it come, on the Kuomintang. But the central government is so dependent on Soviet arms and

so scared of open or secret Russo-Japanese collaboration, that it will certainly not take the initiative in wrecking the balance. This balance has hitherto been maintained by British and American support of China and, in recent months, by the threat of an American embargo on war materials to Japan. Without such support, some of the Right Wing leaders would surely follow the example of Wang Ching-wei and go over to the Japanese rather than submit to a high degree of Russian control.

There is not much consolation in apportioning blame. China has long been treated as a colonial area and yet left unprotected by any imperialist power when attacked. It has for years faced a Japan armed by British and Americans. The democracies have given it a few medical supplies, some meagre credits and a lot of sympathy, but Germany and Russia have supplied it with military experts and arms. To a Chinese there must seem little virtue in the Western democracies and little hope from that quarter. Unless and until his position is strengthened by substantial aid from Britain or the United States, Chiang Kai-shek, whether willing

or not, is powerless to make the economic reforms required by the masses of his people. If Moscow, for purposes of its own, should order the anti-Japanese war transformed into a civil anti-capitalist war, he may find willing and idealistic Chinese support. But such civil war, while it may break Chiang Kai-shek, certainly will not create a revolutionary China. It would only help rivet Japanese and Russian control in their respective areas.

Stalin may well calculate that he has nothing to lose and much to gain by preventing the development of a free China along "bourgeois democratic" lines with the friendly support of European and American democracies. It is no accident that *Pravda* in January inveighed against "American imperialism's stubborn adherence to the Open Door" principle in China. The Kremlin may decide to turn the Chinese communists against the Kuomintang government, to have them proclaim the independence of the Border Government and set about extending its territory. A get-together with Japan, open or secret, would be the logical precursor of such a decision.

HOW TO WRITE A SONG HIT

BY DORON K. ANTRIM

NEITHER age nor experience is a specific against the itch to write popular songs. Over 21,000 are copyrighted yearly in the United States, most of them in manuscript, 9000 achieve publication, only a bare 100 emerge as hits. And hits are the only kind today that mean money in the till. Consistent hit writers are about as rare as Babe Ruths in baseball. Of the 1400 who write music for a living in the United States, only 130 write hits. Batting average of the repeaters is around five hits a year, thirteen is a high and one will keep you in the running.

Upon its top flight artists ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers) confers its blessing and an average of \$20,000 a year each for performing rights. This select group includes men like Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, Sigmund Romberg, Irving Caesar, Harry Warren, Gordon and Revel. Other writer members of ASCAP are graded down to Class Four and paid accordingly. To the ASCAP ante is added a three-cent

royalty on sheet sales, one cent on records and around \$1500 a week if the writer works on contract for picture companies.

The small coterie of men who set the song styles follow a curious calling. Campus curricula offer no preparation for it. It is neither a business nor a profession since there are no office hours. Work, if you call it that, is done as the spirit moves — at home, in a hotel room, on the beach, the golf course — and most often in the deep of night. A seeming sinecure, it is really a full-time job calling for highly specialized skills. Money it offers, but not fame. Names mean almost nothing in song writing. A song may be sung around the world but no one will clamor for the writer's autograph or even know who he is. The performers get all the applause.

It's a strange world they live in, the song scribes, grouped together in little colonies in New York and Beverly Hills; a world of hope, fear and fantasy. They hope they will write another hit and fear they will not. The Alley is dotted with the

markers of those who wrote one hit and never repeated, or who suddenly lost the magic touch after a run of hits. They traffic in budding romance but are mostly past it themselves, most of them being men beyond forty. They live in a dream world, peopled with the lovelorn, set with all the trappings of moons, mountains and wishing-wells. They write the nation's songs and according to the adage, have the edge on those who write its laws.

While the run-of-the-mill songs we sing are pretty light in texture, some of them are packed with dynamite. In the former category witness *The Three Little Fishes* and in the latter *Over There*, to which General Pershing assigned some of the credit for winning the last war. Otherwise these songs may glorify a nation, state or city, deify motherhood, sanctify the home, or incite to suicide as did *Blue Sunday*. But they never get very far from the language of adolescence: boy meets, loves, leaves, yearns for girl.

Other writing is usually a solo job. Song writing requires two specialists—a words and a melody man, or lyricist and composer, to be more pedantic. A gag man often makes it three. When they were a going concern, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson hung up a record in

batting averages that has not been touched since. As many as ten have collaborated on a single song, but that one got only eight performances in 1938. The eternal problem in songdom is one of match-making; the daddy of a loose lyric must find a suitable soul mate for his brain child. To facilitate the search, the matchmakers find it expedient to live within hailing distance of each other. In a pinch there is always the telephone to fall back on. From his home in Great Neck, New York, Oscar Hammerstein II reads his lyrics to Jerry Kern in Hollywood. Kern hums back his tune as the toll bill mounts, and a song usually results. To the majority, however, personal contact is essential. "Listen to this" is the plaint of the little man hunched over the piano as he picks out his latest inspiration. The "other half" may find that it just matches one of his lyrics, or it may leave him cold. The quest is endless. Cliff Friend toted a tune around for ten years before Dave Franklin heard him play it and found it tailor-made for one of his stock lyrics. The result was *When My Dream Boat Comes Home*.

A lyric is not poetry although it rhymes in spots. Its lines are likely to be irregular in length and meter. Without a tune for support, it is

meaningless. In writing it the lyricist must get a new slant on that age-old sentiment, say it in the vernacular and with a punch. Thus Johnny Mercer poses the theme, "You must have been a beautiful baby," expands slightly on that, and then clinches with, "For baby, look at you now." The lyricist spends harried days and nights finding new ways to say, "you're wonderful," "I love you," "you're beautiful." If you think it's easy, try it sometime.

The popular composer has equally prescribed limits: only thirty-two bars in a chorus, which is all that counts in a song. Having contrived a tune, he always has the lurking fear that it belongs to someone else. All aglow, Hoagy Carmichael played a piece to his publisher. "That's great," said the publisher, "but it's not yours." Hoagy had unconsciously absorbed a song he had heard over the air. A composer once wrote an involved fugue and was shocked speechless when shown another almost identical note for note. The fear of copyright suits hangs like a Damocles sword over the composer's head.

Only a few of the tunesters have studied music seriously. Irving Berlin never had a piano lesson in his life, never studied harmony, theory or counterpoint. He be-

lieves that such knowledge would only make him conscious of rules and cramp the creative impulse. Most of the others hold the same view.

II

The common characteristic of popular composers seems to be an insatiable yen to toy with tonal combinations on the piano. While playing for gushing groups of people at parties, George Gershwin used to get some of his best ideas. Absent-mindedly, Rudolf Friml walked out on a dinner party to go to his piano. He stayed the rest of the evening and completed the music to an entire show. Friml improvises with such ease he has a special piano which records as he plays. The simplest way to solve the *duo partes* problem of song writing is to write both words and music yourself, but few can do it. Irving Berlin is such a one-man team, and it has helped him maintain a good lead in the craft for thirty years.

Berlin's methods of work are all his own. He scorns to make preliminary notes on bill heads, bed sheets or notebook as reminders. All ideas are filtered through the fine mesh of his mind and into oblivion unless they happen to catch

in the sieve. If an idea persists, *i.e.*, he can't forget it, he will lock himself in his room for the night and give a good imitation of a caged creature in the zoo. He will pace the room, leaf through magazines, try a few bars on his transposing piano, perhaps pick at random a book from his library of 15,000 volumes. All the time his mind searches for the one word, the one tune to match it. If the word comes and the fates are kind, he calls his secretary next morning and dictates a lyric; his arranger takes down the melody. If the resulting product does not satisfy him completely, it goes to the "morgue" of his rejected melodies.

All of which indicates a complete absence of schools and rules for song writing. In strange and unaccustomed ways the song hits have their being. They may spring to life anywhere, in a few minutes or in a years-long process of incubation. The words may come first, the music first, or both may grow together. Getting started is mainly a matter of getting an idea that can be embodied in a title. Take the word "blue," which is considered in the best song-writing circles as the most beautiful and romantic word in the English language. ASCAP lists 268 songs called *Blue Eyes*, and over a thousand mention

eyes of that color. Not only do the eyes have it in this tint, but a profusion of other things: skies, heavens and moons, bonnets and even horses. Songwise, America has a perfect passion for blue.

Once a good title is obtained, the rest is mere routine. There may be some minor difficulties such as finding the right word that rhymes, but the boys never look for it in a rhyming dictionary. They just go into a trance. Cole Porter had not spoken to any of his associates all day and just when they were beginning to think that someone had given him umbrage, his face brightened and he broke the silence with, "In my pet pelleted gown." That one cost him more effort than most. "Your fabulous face" and other neat phrases generally come to him with ease.

Amateurs crash in every now and then. A hasty scrawl called *Swanee River Moon* came through the mails to Feist one day, was accepted by return mail, published and became a hit. Edward B. Claypool got a contract back the first time he sent out *Raggin' the Scale*. *Prisoner's Song* came from a prison cell. The main difficulty among amateurs is to find tunes for their lyrics, there being more lyric writers than tunesters. Anyone can write a tune, says lyrist Lorenz

Hart; all you need to do is to take a telephone number, substitute notes for numbers and you have a theme. Or take a "non-cop," meaning a number on which the copyright has expired, and add words. This has become quite the thing in Tin Pan Alley. Witness such numbers as *A Tisket, A Tasket, London Bridge, The Mulberry Bush, My Reverie, Our Love*.

But publication is still a hurdle for amateurs, especially if they depend on the mails, since most publishers return manuscripts unopened. They fear that the mere act of looking over a song may get them into plagiarism suits. The publishers advise amateur song writers to get photostatic copies of their songs made and have local or visiting band leaders introduce them on the air. Songs have come to the attention of publishers in this way and been published.

It is also well, say the publishers, to evade the lures of song sharks who have built up a lucrative busi-

ness baiting gullible amateurs. Posing as representatives of publishing firms and radio stations, these "services" request that manuscripts be submitted to them. The usual technique is to see promise in the lyrics, however crude, and to offer publication with a music setting — for a fee. The promises are generally performed and the writer sees himself in print for \$50 or \$75. Which may feed his vanity but not his pocket-book.

An ambitious youth once asked Irving Caesar what it takes to become a hit writer. "One hundred songs on the shelf which are better forgotten," spoke up the champion of safety songs for children. "You'll write that number because you can't help yourself, which will prove that you have the song-writing phobia. Then you'll come to New York and circulate with the 'crowd' of singers, band leaders, publishers, for song writing is difficult by remote control. After that, you're in, and heaven help you."



LOCAL POLITICS: MENACE TO DEFENSE

BY PAUL W. SHAFER, M.C.

Member of the Military Affairs Committee

THE United States is building up an admirable defense — for protection against Indian uprisings and for the satisfaction of assorted local pressure groups. We have no scientifically planned defense program in realistic relation to possible needs in a tempestuous world. Our program, so far as it can be thus dignified, is one of pouring out billions of dollars at haphazard, on the wishful theory that when an emergency arises these billions may, by some happy chance, have been aimed in the right direction. Effective defense has been frustrated for generations by extravagance and blundering.

We have scores of army posts that are not only useless but would be a positive detriment in the event of a war. We are building, and have in recent months built, naval ships that cannot be sent on a mission in rough waters, because they would be blown over by a heavy breeze. We are handicapping the development of our air forces by split authority and by constant bicker-

ing between the services. Somewhere someone in the government may have a comprehensive and cohesive plan for a sound defense program, based upon analysis of what we must defend and against whom. But if such a program exists, it has been carefully concealed from Congress.

In this article I want to limit myself largely to one aspect of the costly and dangerous situation: the aspect of politics, pork and patronage as barriers to intelligent national defense expenditure. It used to be said that the tariff was a "local issue" because every locality wanted protection for its own products and free trade for the products of other localities. The same is true of our national defense. If there is one problem which should be solved in a thoroughly national spirit, this is it. Yet both the army and navy have become local issues in the most pork-barrelish style.

Recently a Congressional committee, representing the Military Affairs Committees of the Senate

and House, made a twenty-five thousand mile tour by air to inspect and study the army's equipment. I returned from that trip deeply concerned for the fate of this nation, if ever it has to make a real defense of its borders. Along with this concern, I brought back frightening requests for the improvement and extension of posts which we visited. These requests reached the astonishing total of billions of dollars. If granted, they would provide swimming pools, post exchanges, athletic fields, and other embellishments for an army of at least five million men.

Some of these requests were made in formal compilations by commanding officers of the various forts. The greater number, however, were proffered by chambers of commerce, real estate dealers, and other earnest citizens apparently convinced that the way to protect America's coasts is to spend millions to boost trade in their particular areas. It is amazing how many spots in this country have the perfect climate and surroundings for an army post, and are also, by a fortunate coincidence, perfectly located from a strategic and tactical standpoint. Any chamber of commerce, anywhere in the country, can show you just such a site.

We now have approximately 125

army camps and posts scattered throughout the country. Any real defense program would cut them to a score or less and would build up and operate that score to meet the real urgencies of real military situations. Most of our camps and forts originated in the distant past, to make available small bodies of troops to keep the Indians in subjugation. They are unrelated to modern needs. But attempts to do away with any of them meet with frenzied opposition by those whose local interest would be affected. By way of exemplification I offer the Fort Moultrie incident:

On returning from our tour, I mentioned that in Fort Moultrie there were defensive guns which had not been fired for years, that they could not be fired because the explosive force would destroy summer cottages and shacks near by, and that among these cottages was one built by the Mayor directly in front of a gun. I was merely citing Fort Moultrie as an instance of a general situation. You would have thought Fort Sumter had been fired on again. The Carolina papers hit the ceiling and the Carolina Representatives were driven frantic with appeals from their folks to save Fort Moultrie. No doubt it was unadulterated patriotism that whipped up the storm.

As another example of waste that results directly from local domination of our defense expenditures, and the lack of correlation that follows, I point to the spring army maneuvers scheduled in the vicinity of Fort Benning, Georgia. The War Department decided that because of world conditions our military force should indulge in large-scale maneuvers this year. (Incidentally, last year's maneuvers, held in the North, proved to be a total failure.) When plans for this spring's activities were prepared, they called for an expenditure of \$18,000,000. A breakdown of the figures revealed that \$9,000,000, or half the total, would be spent for transporting troops to the tactical area. In other words, we spend many millions to bring troops from the Indian outposts to an area which might really be in danger in the event of an invasion. Our scheme of defense, it would seem, does not aim to prevent invasion but rather accepts the invasion as a fact and aims to protect the interior from the invader's advance.

I wonder how many are familiar with Fort Huachuca. It is a post in Arizona which, according to the Bisbee Chamber of Commerce, "is strategically located for the defense of the Mexican-American border." The good merchants of Bisbee,

through their Chamber of Commerce, provided the committee with an elaborate pamphlet containing thirty-three photographs of the fort and an analysis of its needs. All of the latter were identified as "immediate needs." They would involve expenditures of nearly \$4,000,000, for everything from new barrack buildings to a new well. In presenting the pamphlet, the Chamber expressed hopes "that you will file this as future reference when appropriations for the army are being considered. . . . We can truly say that the army in this state performs a distinct service."

The Cheyenne, Wyoming, Chamber, to cite another example, stands four-square for the development of Fort Francis E. Warren. The Cheyenne pamphlet presented to us says,

The Cheyenne Chamber of Commerce emphatically believes that Fort Francis E. Warren should be the headquarters and station for a streamlined division and have prepared the following résumé of the advantage of Fort Francis E. Warren as a location for the headquarters of this division. . . . We believe that Cheyenne's recreation, climatic, transportation and educational facilities make Fort Warren, which adjoins Cheyenne, a very desirable place for officers and men to reside and to educate and rear their family.

The Chamber asked for a modest \$3,000,000.

Then we have "Marvelous Ma-

rin, Inc." which is a county chamber of commerce at San Rafael, California. "Marvelous Marin" informed the committee that its needs would be met if the federal government would build a new route to the Golden Gate Bridge, would establish a submarine base at Richardson Bay, and would locate a dry dock at Point San Pedro. It was joined by other civic organizations of the area in arguing that the nation's defense would be enhanced by making the Golden Gate Bridge toll-free, with Uncle Sam assuming the responsibility for meeting bonds and interest.

Down the Potomac River from Washington the army is maintaining detachments at forts which were obsolete before the Civil War, and which by no stretch of the imagination could figure in the defense of this country. Some of the guns still in place could not possibly be fired, and no ammunition is now being made that would fit them. The same is true in other sections of the country. The chambers of commerce, and sometimes the commanding officers of posts, felt that maintenance of the particular fort or camp was justified by the fact that in its precincts was the hallowed tomb of some national or local hero. We should, of course, show proper reverence

for our heroic dead, but we will add countless numbers to those dead unless we follow a sane defense program, unimpaired by local political interests and the bickerings of rival army and navy groups.

These are just random instances of demands for the embellishment of the existing camps and forts, and for the establishment of new ones. They illustrate the pressures operating against a defense program based on genuine needs and unencumbered by considerations of politics.

II

Local interference in what should be a nationally conceived and nationally executed program is, of course, only one of the hindrances encountered by those seeking to work out a planned program. There is also, as an important factor, the historical circumstance that the army and navy, instead of working co-operatively, are mutually antagonistic. One will brook no interference from the other in what it considers its special domain. Let me cite a particular instance. One of the stops on our inspection tour was at San Diego, California. The party was traveling in three army planes. The navy landing field was in excellent condition. The army

field near by is under construction and at the time we approached was largely under water, making a landing in the big planes extremely hazardous. Yet this Congressional Committee, trying to find out what is wrong with national defense, was not permitted to land in the safe naval field, but was forced to risk a landing in the dangerous army field.

No one has estimated how much has been wasted by the refusal of the two services to use property jointly when such joint use would be feasible and practical. We remember the occasion during the World War when the army got around to equipping its fighting forces only to find that the navy had cornered the market on a large number of necessary supplies.

That the lesson of that incident has not been learned is evidenced by a recent incident at Tampa, Florida, where the army is constructing the Southeastern Air Base. The navy acquired a parcel of land while the army was negotiating the purchase of the same site. The navy wanted the property for a quarantine station, while the army had contracted for part of it as an air base. A quarantine station would have ruined the availability of the entire site. Lengthy and expensive negotiations were necessary

before the rival claims of the army and navy were settled.

Duplication of facilities exists right in the National Capital; we have army and navy air fields adjoining, each refusing to have anything to do with the other. The situation is further complicated in Washington by the fact that Congress is now spending \$5,000,000 to build a landing field across the river from the army and navy airports for the accommodation of civilian fliers. I have serious doubts whether we need three separate and distinct fields.

The navy muddle on defense plans is as serious as that of the army. Anyone in doubt that the pork barrel figures in the sea and shore program of the navy can have his doubts resolved by trying to abolish a naval station, no matter how obsolete. The operation of unwisely located naval stations is wasting millions of dollars every year. There are annual drives to lure the fleet into particular waters, not in order that it may be better trained or better based, but in order that the port city may thrive for a time. Here again Washington figures in the picture. Many years ago, when ships were all of comparatively shallow draft and when the Potomac River meant something in the way of shipping, the

Washington Navy Yard was constructed. Today scarcely any ship larger than a rowboat can navigate the Potomac, but the Navy Yard remains. Virtually landlocked, it is being utilized as a naval gun factory; the guns made there have to be transported by rail or on barges before they can be built into the ships — another heavy and useless expense.

These facts, and a mountain of

additional facts present a true indictment of our present haphazard system and emphasize the need for the formation of a sound and effective program of national defense. The studies which I have made have convinced me that America can save millions of dollars every year, and at the same time obtain greater protection, if we divorce the national defense from politics and pork barrel influences.



COLLEGE CATALOGUE

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

BEHOLD our spacious barnyard planned in patches,
Inviting fowl of parts to hunt their need,
For where a mother hen of learning scratches
A little chick of scholarship must feed.
Some chanticleers crow loud about concessions
On which a gamecock will not waste his pecks
And scrawny pullets, prey of soul depressions,
Lament their hunger, stretching nervous necks.

From many artful vantage points they gather,
Aristocrats of plume and comb and claw,
And there they cackle certainties, for rather
Than flee a doubt a rooster shrills the law,
Announcing, posed in profile or full view,
The Principles of Logic One and Two.

► *Annually the MERCURY has surveyed air safety. Here is the final report:*

A YEAR WITHOUT DEATH

BY KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

BARRING unexpected developments, this will be the MERCURY's final report on air safety. At this writing, the air lines in the United States have flown for exactly one year without a fatality. During the same period — and despite the addition of transatlantic service, the most hazardous in the world — the overseas extensions have suffered only one fatal crash, and none whatever on the Atlantic run. That safety record is so gratifying that the editor of the MERCURY and the author agree that these reports have served their purpose; and there remains only the necessity of charting the startling improvement, recounting the reasons, congratulating those responsible, and at the same time emphasizing the importance of eternal vigilance — without which the new-day safe air transport can easily revert to its former status of air carnage.

A graph of the improvement in safety of scheduled air transport may properly start with the years 1936 and 1937, during which the

hazard remained constant at fourteen deaths per million passenger-hours flown. Despite a steadily increasing volume of traffic, the death ratio dropped to eight per million passenger-hours in 1938; and to four per million in 1939. In terms of hazard per journey, 1939 saw the transport airplane pass its first competitor, the automobile. Whereas flying had previously been twice as dangerous as driving, it was now only about two-thirds as dangerous. And then, in the latter part of March, 1939, began the present perfect air-carrier record, and it is obviously impossible to compare anything to perfection.

It is desirable to note, however, that the lurking enemy is still the law of gravity. Only when combined with high speeds — about sixty miles an hour in transport planes — does the air take on certain properties of a solid and offer support to an airplane in flight. Conversely, when the plane loses flying speed, it goes out of control and falls. Thus the pilot of a plane — unlike the driver of a car, the

engineer of a train, or the captain of a ship — cannot slow down or stop in an emergency; therefore safe flying, more than any other form of transportation, demands *that dangers be recognized in advance*. This is what has been continuously stressed by the MERCURY's flying reports; and if we were to assign one comprehensive reason for the marked improvement in air safety, it would be the general acceptance of the same theory by officials responsible for the nation's air traffic. But it is possible to be more specific. Four sub-factors enter the picture:

1. Commercial aviation is now controlled by the Civil Aeronautics Authority and the Air Safety Board, both created by the Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938. The control thus set up has proved far more efficacious than the nominal supervision previously exercised by the now defunct Bureau of Air Commerce.

2. The air operators have finally become convinced that the secret of profitable operations lies not primarily in the maintenance of competitive schedules, but in safe operations at all times. They now believe that air transport will sink or swim as a whole; that when one operator is in trouble, all are in trouble. Therefore bitter competi-

tion has yielded to a new spirit of co-operation, involving the pooling of experience as to equipment, operating procedure, and accidents, both actual and potential.

3. Airplane equipment, accessories, and flying aids — especially weather reporting and forecasting — are more reliable, and are subjected to additional checks.

4. The airline pilots and their flight assistants have become more familiar with their modern high-speed vehicle; and flight discipline — the control by ground officials over the occasional hair-brained impulses of pilots — is now automatic.

The former Bureau of Air Commerce, a sub-division of the Department of Commerce, was hampered by lack of authority and insufficient personnel. But it also found itself in the untenable position of having to maintain discipline, and at the same time justify its own actions: because of its internal structure, it sometimes had to investigate and assign blame for crashes which might be chargeable to its own lax regulations. The present Air Safety Board, it became quickly apparent, was subject to no such restraint. Out of the first major airline disaster it was called on to investigate — that at Point Reyes, California, in November, 1938 — came twenty-four recommendations crit-

icising almost every phase of airline procedure. The findings called for higher qualifications of flight control personnel; a recheck of the qualifications of personnel already certified as competent; a standard training program for air-carrier pilots and dispatchers; additional weather information; and the installation of ground-finding equipment at strategic points for emergency use. Not all of those recommendations were submitted at one time; the most significant sentence in the preliminary report read: "*Further recommendations, which will tend to prevent similar accidents in future, will be submitted in due course.*" The highly critical, precedent-defying recommendations followed, and the results are obvious.

Our second item boils down to this: in flying, mechanical failures put undue strain on the pilot and sometimes lead to human failures. So, in abandoning the competitive operating schedules which formerly burned up motors, the air carriers took a long step forward. Furthermore, there is no longer any inducement for one pilot to bore into bad weather just to show up a competitor who has been grounded. If a pilot encounters a motor failure or unusual weather, his employers immediately make the fact known so that all operators may profit by it.

The rule now in force is: *If you are not sure a flight can get through, do not dispatch it!* The effectiveness of this new approach is illustrated in the record of Eastern Air Lines, cited because it serves Florida, experiences its peak traffic load during winter months, and during the season just past had to expand its operating schedules drastically to accommodate increased tourist travel resulting from war conditions in Europe. Under the new conditions, Eastern has been able to maintain its perfect safety record, and at the same time increase its ratio of flights completed to flights scheduled from 95.7 per cent to 96.80 per cent.

If the present gratifying safety record on the part of all air lines is to be continued, no let-down is permissible in regard to any of the foregoing factors. But it is in connection with the final item that we must sound the greatest warning. Rigid flight discipline is essential to safe flying. The proof is that amateur flying, while registering some improvement, has by no means kept pace with the safety achieved in scheduled operations; nor have independent, non-scheduled commercial operations. In both of these cases, the type of flyer against which the insurance companies are most on guard is the pilot-owner.

Where the pilot and the owner are two separate individuals, there is some check on the impulses of both. But where the two are one and the same man, the fatality hazard is tremendous — at least forty times as great as in scheduled air transport on the early 1939 basis, the last available for comparative purposes because it is the last on which the airlines suffered loss of life.

Nevertheless, there has been real improvement in other branches of flying. The dangers of amateur piloting are still grave, but they have improved about 35 per cent. In 1939, army piloting was safer than in 1938 in the ratio of seven to nine. While the navy now regards its flying-fatality ratio as a national defense secret, it is safe to say that naval flying is less hazardous than formerly. Marine corps aviation, at one time far and away the most dangerous of all the services, is now among the safest. The dangers to army student pilots are only about half what they were five years ago.

As regards the familiarity of the pilot with his equipment, the following is significant: When, in 1934, one airline took delivery of sixty new airplanes, the flight characteristics of the new planes turned out to be radically different from anything the pilots had flown before; and the line found its facilities

for pilot training overtaxed. But according to the standards of the period, the passengers had to be carried, and the net result was an epidemic of accidents. Three years later, the delivery of more new airplanes, of still another type, was accompanied by similar reasoning and identically fatal results. And now, in 1940, three of the four major air carriers have ordered new, four-motored Douglas transports; the fourth will undoubtedly use four-motored planes of some type; and no more than a handful of domestic airline pilots have as yet any experience with four-motored planes.

The impending change presents a potential hazard. If the carriers decide that, if necessary, schedules and everything else can go to blazes until such time as every pilot and co-pilot is thoroughly familiar with the performance of the new planes under all mechanical and weather conditions, then the new equipment can be taken in stride and present safety standards maintained. If not — well, the MERCURY and the author trust that the level-headed men in control of American aviation will not permit the same error for the third time.

For the sake of the safe air transport which has at long last been achieved — *Don't let down!*

Who will get



WIFE?



MOTHER?

USUALLY, when you take out a life insurance policy, you have a definite person in mind as your beneficiary. And so this person's name is written on your application, even before your life insurance policy is issued.

► Of course, you know that in designating a beneficiary you can reserve the right to name a new one at any time. This may be done without the consent of your present beneficiary. However there are various conditions which may influence you in exercising this right.

► Let us suppose that the person you have named as beneficiary should die

before you do. Who then would get your life insurance?

You may want to be prepared for just such a possibility by naming a "contingent" beneficiary, as provided in most Ordinary life insurance policies. In other words, with your wife as beneficiary, you might wish to name your children as contingent beneficiaries.

► It sometimes happens that both the beneficiary and the contingent beneficiary die before the policyholder. In this event, he should immediately get in touch with his agent to consider the advisability of selecting a new beneficiary.

One more thing. You should make

your Life Insurance Money?



FATHER?



CHILDREN?



OTHER RELATIVES?

sure that your beneficiaries know where you keep your policies, and also the name of your agent or his district manager. They should understand that the company representative, through whom you bought your life insurance, considers it his duty and privilege to assist you in securing prompt disposition of all matters in connection with your policy. Obviously, there is no charge whatever for his services in this connection.

► Remember, finally, that the clauses and provisions referred to above are not the only ones in your policy. There are many others of equal importance. That is why we urge you to read your policy carefully. Read it from beginning to end. The time it takes to do so could not be better spent.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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PRESIDENT



1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

► *Erudition and academic honors are
no handicaps to this Big Leaguer:*

DR. BERG, BACKSTOP

BY DAVID BROWN AND ERNEST LEHMAN

MORRIS BERG, A.B., LL.D., has the distinction of being the only catcher in big league baseball who is able to swear at an umpire in eight languages. He will probably use all eight when he reads this. For Mr. Berg sees nothing newsworthy in the fact that a Boston Red Sox backstop can be a charter member of the American Linguistic Society, an authority on phonetics, philology and the Romance languages, a successful businessman and practicing attorney, and an expert on international contracts.

Round about February each year Mr. Berg tells his secretary in his Wall Street law office that he won't be back for seven or eight months, packs his bags and entrains for Sarasota, Florida, where the Red Sox limber up for the coming season. The moment Dr. Berg exchanges his pin-striped gray business suit for a Boston uniform he becomes a plain mug called Moe Berg. Nobody is then to suspect that he is a Princeton and Columbia graduate; that he is a linguist on speaking terms with French,

Provençal, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, Greek and (so help us) Sanskrit; that the byline Morris Berg is familiar in several learned journals; and that Morris Berg, indeed, was one of the shining lights at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Berg is a partner in the law firm of Satterlee and Canfield in New York. He is also director of two profitable corporations, one supplying stationery to a five-and-ten-cent-store chain, and the other marketing an educational stereoscopic device for children. But come spring and green grass in Fenway Park, you will find him squatting in catcher's paraphernalia behind the plate, raising the dust with a thin, brown stream of tobacco juice, and pounding a hairy fist into his mitt as he roars: "C'mon you guys! Play ball!"

He is one of those rare and happy individuals who work at the thing they like best. He doesn't play ball for the money. It accounts for only about a fifth of his income. And he doesn't play because the big leagues can't do without him. They

can and have. Although he has had his moments in fifteen years in the game, he is essentially a competent, experienced plugger. But manager Joe Cronin of the Red Sox rates Moe away up in the asset column along with some of Yawkey's highest-priced ivory. "Because," explains Cronin, "Berg's got plenty of what it takes between the ears. Book sense and baseball sense don't always go together, but this fellow's got more than his share of both. If your first string catching breaks down, you're sunk unless you have a real replacement. Berg's not the youngest man in the league any more, and he had a bad knee accident a few seasons back, but he knows everything there is to know about a ball game. He knows how to break up double plays, how to help his pitcher, how to hold his infield together, what the batter can and can't hit. He knows the percentage on every play."

Up to a short while ago, there was but the mildest interest in Moe Berg's achievements, whether in baseball or in other fields. He then did something which he has not yet ceased to regret and which brought him tons of unwelcome publicity of exactly the type which this article represents. Through his friend John Kieran, erudite sports columnist of the New York *Times*,

Moe was inveigled into appearing on the radio program, "Information Please!" He discoursed briefly but authoritatively on the Latin derivation of certain obscure French nouns. Over 1500 letters and telegrams poured in expressing amazement at the phenomenon of an educated ballplayer. Berg was disgusted. He resented the implication that a ballplayer must be a tobacco-chewing, dese-dem-and-dose guy. He was particularly annoyed that his secret was out, that he would henceforth be regarded as somewhat of a freak, and that his gate value might boom because of something which has nothing to do with his merits as a player.

"I wish less attention were paid to my linguistic accomplishments," he complains. "They don't help me in getting base hits. For that matter, I have known that some of the greatest baseball stars of the past could scarcely read or write. In baseball, a player stands on his own feet, and the fact that he can talk in five or six languages avails him nothing when he is up there at the plate with the bases filled and two out."

II

Moe doesn't talk that way all the time. On the field, he's just as apt as the next fellow to yowl at some-

eagle-eyed umpire: "G'wan, you blind bat! You can't see nothin'!" The idea that you must be a regular guy among your teammates was brought home to him back in 1923 when he graduated from Princeton and was picked up as shortstop for the Brooklyn Dodgers. There, green as a new blade of grass, Moe found himself hobnobbing with such inelegant and unlettered individuals as Dazzy Vance, Dutch Reuther, Zack Wheat and the late Charley Schmidt. It was Schmidt who was Berg's first roommate and he was a big, hairy bruiser whose conversation consisted of primitive grunts and certain unprintable expletives. But Moe and Charley fooled the boys. They were fast pals from the start, and Moe got into the habit, which he has still, of peppering his talk to his teammates with double negatives and unorthodox contractions.

However, even if Berg today were to recite Virgil's *Aeneid* in the Red Sox locker room, none of the boys would pick on him. There is nothing "Percy" about Moe. He definitely lacks the professorial stamp. He has the solid build of a man of thirty-seven who has taken good care of himself and still can. He looks more like the well-kept, trim business executive than the athlete, and the lines and furrows

in his face are those a man gets from outdoor life and long exposure to the sun. His six-foot-one of height carry 209 pounds inconspicuously. He just about looks his age, and he should, for Moe Berg has packed into those thirty-seven years three careers, all of which he loves. He is scholar, businessman and athlete. He has what so few professional athletes have: something to turn to when he is cast off by a profession which exploits a man's youth and throws him out at a time when most men are at the peak of their earning years.

Throughout his life Moe has proceeded on the theory that he could not last long in baseball. He had built himself into a crack shortstop with better-than-average hitting ability on one of the greatest Princeton teams of all time, a team whose record of nineteen consecutive wins still stands at Old Nassau. Berg combined with this athletic accomplishment a brilliant scholastic record, one which made him the recipient of a half dozen invitations to teach professionally upon graduation. But his head was full of Dante, Rousseau and Racine. He wanted to attend the Sorbonne in Paris to study phonetics under the renowned Abbé Rousset. However, he didn't see his way clear financially. When Brooklyn

came along with an offer of \$5000 to play shortstop for half a season, he faced the immediate problem of making a decision. Bill Clark, the Princeton coach, who considered Moe one of his prize products, treated the situation wisely. He suggested to Moe that perhaps playing for Brooklyn was a way to finance that course at the Sorbonne. So Moe played for Brooklyn.

At the end of the baseball season, off he went to Paris to track down the Latin and Greek derivation of words that had nothing to do with batting averages and double plays. But when spring rolled around, Moe was not to be detoured by the enchantment of April in Paris. Back he fled to the good old *États Unis* and baseball. In the next three years he knocked around the minor leagues — Minneapolis, Toledo and Reading. Finally Eddie Collins bought him for the Chicago White Sox and Moe was again in Big Time.

He was still far from certain that baseball was his career. After that year in Paris, philology and the Romance languages drew him more than ever. But the only way to make a living at that sort of thing was to accept a teaching post. Moe might not have minded hanging around the bush leagues for a spell but he was dead set against the Ivy

League. No teaching, then. Finally, he hit on law, and without letting anyone in on it, applied for admission to the Columbia Law School in 1926. He registered as Morris Berg and took pains to conceal his baseball identity. Schools of law are far too crowded for any faculty to approve the application of a young man whose interest is not wholly upon the law. By doubling between Morningside Heights and the White Sox camp, Moe acquired his law degree.

III

Moe went on developing himself as a ballplayer and at the same time expanding his business interests. Through a sensational series of accidents one June afternoon in 1927, he became a catcher. Ray Schalk, then both managing and catching for the White Sox, broke his thumb in a game with the New York Yankees when Herb Pennock's bat skidded into Schalk's hand on a late swing. That was bad enough, but Schalk still had an assortment of catchers within calling distance. He sent his second-string backstop, Crouse, into the game. Came first batter up, Yankee third baseman Wera, and Wera's bat promptly connected with Crouse's thumb instead of the ball, rendering same

thumb null, void and broken. This little incident sent Schalk screaming for Lou Barbour, the club's traveling secretary. Meanwhile, he sent third-string backstop McCurdy into action.

"Lou!" he bellowed, "Wire for a Class C or Class D catcher. I don't care who, as long as he can catch. We've got to have another man, anyone, as long as he can catch!"

It was then that Mr. Moe Berg spoke the little piece which resulted in his becoming one of the most competent backstops in the game.

"Whaddaya mean, Class C or D man, when you've got a big league catcher sitting right here on the bench?"

While Schalk was in no mood for whimsy, nevertheless he had just witnessed the final, devastating blow. A third Yankee foul tip, this off Babe Ruth's bat, had smashed against the hand of No. 3 Catcher McCurdy, and the catching staff of the Chicago White Sox apparently had been wiped out.

"Berg," Schalk gasped, "I'm calling your bluff. Get in there and catch, and God help you if you don't know how!"

Berg went in there to catch the first professional game of his life. Before he had adjusted his shin pads, mask and protector, Whisper-

ing Bill Barrett, the Cambridge Thrush, who was a White Sox outfielder at the time, shook hands with him and added the kind hope that Moe wouldn't be killed outright. Undismayed, the kid went in there and caught the game of his life. When the fans were ready to leave the stands, the scoreboard gave Chicago two and the Yankees a goose egg.

"The funny part of it is," Moe explains, "I wasn't talking about myself when I told Schalk he had a big league catcher on the bench. I was referring to Earl Sheely, our first baseman, who used to be a backstop out on the coast."

Under the tutelage of Ray Schalk, certainly one of the greatest catchers in the game, Berg moved ahead creditably. He showed a penchant for hitting convenient little singles and doubles with men on base, and there is always room in the big leagues for a man who has that habit. Going to Cleveland in 1931 after a knee injury which incapacitated him for heavy action, Berg caught a whole season without an error. Moreover, he spanked the ball at a .350 pace. At the end of the 1931 season, Clark Griffith signed him up for the Washington Senators. Griffith took a lot of panning for that, but Moe completely vindicated his judgment. At the end

of the season, Walter Johnson, who ought to know, was prepared to pass the following opinion about Moe:

"I would say that, barring Bill Dickey and Mickey Cochrane, Berg has caught as well as any man in the American League."

So Moe kept on playing ball, taking time off each winter to attend to his New York law practice and business interests. Each spring he had a locker to fill in some ball park. Moreover, his dual training as scholar and athlete was beginning to pay dividends. In 1932, he was drafted in the All-Star American team retained by the Japanese government to teach America's national sport to the Nipponese youth. Moe wasn't in Japan more than a few weeks when he had picked up a good speaking and reading knowledge of Japanese. Two years later, while he was with Connie Mack's all-star team on another trip to the Far East, Berg was able to deliver in that language the reply to the speech of welcome given by a representative of the Japanese government. Before his departure from Japan on this latter

trip, Moe lectured in one of the university classes and installed a system of teaching English which is reported to be still in vogue. He made so favorable an impression, in fact, that he was invited to remain as instructor of languages at Kieo University.

But Moe was not yet ready to give up baseball. Nor, apparently, was baseball ready to give up Moe. He has been in the game fifteen years and proof of his competence is in the fact that while he has plugged along, many of the "greats" have sunk into oblivion. Any manager will tell you that there are a half-dozen brilliant but unreliable performers for every patient, dependable Moe Berg. Joe Cronin must have had this in mind when, in 1935, he signed Moe up with Tom Yawkey's million-dollar Boston Red Sox.

That is where Moe Berg is today — the personification of scholar and athlete. His steady performance as a ballplayer is, in a sense, a tribute to his scholarship; he has the disciplined capacity to learn a thing thoroughly.



LUNACY MARCHES ON!

HERewith a few notes on the progress of patriotism and culture in Stalin's Utopia: Comrade Proskuriakov reports to the Communist Academy at Moscow:

One could hardly say that the musical concepts of Beethoven, of this Titan of bourgeois art in the ascending period of capitalism, have been hailed by our workers, our Kolkhoz peasants and our soldiers as an aid in our work of construction. We would exaggerate somewhat, comrades, if we maintained this. But after listening to any of his sonatas, the Kolkhoz peasant will guide his tractor with more conscious enthusiasm, the soldier will pursue with greater zeal his study of military theory, which will play a great rôle in future struggles. Beethoven mobilizes, Beethoven furnishes weapons, Beethoven represents an accompaniment to the incomparable melodies which we find in the books of Marx, of Engels, of Lenin, of Stalin.

A recent Soviet novel, by D. Bleiman, records another triumph for Leninism:

The lark is exclusively a Soviet bird. The lark does not like the other countries, and lets its harmonious song be heard only over the fields made fertile by the collective labor of the citizens of the happy land of the Soviets.

The leading Soviet literary publi-

cation, *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, reports a lecture on Shakespeare:

Hamlet could be a riddle for the bourgeoisie, but we have solved this riddle easily and completely. . . . I asked one of the principal actors of the Dramatic Theatre about Shakespeare, and he told me that he is just learning German, so that he may soon be able to read Shakespeare in the original.

* * *

From the London *Sunday Times*:

During a whole week, an English-born Countess was sending out radio broadcasts from Germany in English, appealing in touching terms for a better understanding with Germany. Her voice trembling with emotion, she said that everything appearing in the English press about Germany is lies, lies, lies. She finished her speech with the words, "Friends, Englishmen, countrymen, listen to me!" The announcer, also overcome by emotion, added, "You have just heard the Countess Zeppelin, a name which is undoubtedly familiar to you."

* * *

Writing in the *Angriff*, Nazi leader Herr Dr. Robert Ley looks at war and finds it good:

War is not in contrast to peace, but simply another form of expression of the uninterrupted battle of nations and men. . . . Every war demands a blood sacrifice from the men of the nation. They should give their blood

gladly, for thus they equalize that which every mother gives at the birth of a child. In nations living in "eternal peace" manhood dries up and all the virtues that make man lovable to woman degenerate. One cannot demand of mothers that they uninterruptedly give the nation children without man bringing his blood sacrifice. Therefore war is not the wrath of God, but a blessing of God.

* * *

Leon Daudet, royalist leader, recently acknowledged a monetary contribution to the Paris royalist paper, *L'Action Française*, thus:

We received yesterday morning from an unknown source whose immense generosity is well known to us. . . .

* * *

Referring to a report that Palestinian Jews are being conscripted by England, the meticulously logical Berlin *Völkischer Beobachter* concludes:

That the present conflict is not only an English but a Jewish war needs no further confirmation.

* * *

Another tribute to Stalin's kind heart is offered by the Moscow *Teachers Gazette*:

This treaty does not infringe one iota on the sovereignty and independence of Finland. Any imperialist government would undoubtedly have utilized its overwhelming superiority of strength to impose a crippling treaty.

* * *

What price murder? The Paris *L'Oeuvre* reports from Metz:

The Italian, Giacomo Bertelli, aged fifty-six, who was sentenced last December to five years' penal servitude for having shot to death his compatriot, Campanigrava, has now been sentenced a second time by the Correctional Tribunal of Metz, to pay a fine of sixteen francs [thirty-three cents] for failing to declare possession of firearms.

* * *

In the light of the current Hitler-Stalin friendship, this reproach against the Old Testament, from *Deutsche Aktion* (No. 5, p. 11, 1937), a volume still circulated in Germany, is especially illuminating:

In the Old Testament we can find all the fundamental ideas of the Bolshevik creed which wreak havoc among the 170,000,000 people of the Soviet Union.



RELIEF IN OHIO

BY CLAYTON FRITCHEY

THREE thousand frightened, helpless prisoners cowered in the Ohio Penitentiary, all of them hungry, weak, stiff with cold, and shivering with panic at the possibility of being starved to death. They had done nothing to deserve punishment; there had been no infraction of the rules, no riots, no disturbances of any kind. Yet their meals had been stopped and they had not been fed for two weeks. The heat, too, had been shut off, leaving them exposed to the cold blasts of December. Some of the inmates had to shiver through the nights without blankets. Influenza, pleurisy, pneumonia struck down the weaker. Diabetics, forced off their special diets, went into collapse.

None of this, of course, happened in the Ohio Penitentiary. It didn't happen because it couldn't happen. The public would never stand for it. Any governor or warden who subjected convicts to such treatment would be impeached or criminally prosecuted. No, this never happened to Ohio's convicts, but —

Only recently it did happen to many thousands of free men, women, and children whose food orders were either drastically reduced or cut off altogether when a relief crisis swept Cleveland and other large Ohio cities. The conditions that the state spared its convicts were visited upon the poor and needy: Food shortage, evictions, cold, illness, idleness, despair. All this happened to them. And it happened because the public would stand for it. No governor, mayor, or state legislator will be impeached or prosecuted.

This situation, in a state which had a balanced budget, a surplus, and no funded debt, crowded the front pages everywhere. It was dramatized and sensationalized in the newspapers and on the radio. It became an important political issue. Mayor Harold H. Burton, of Cleveland, blamed Governor John W. Bricker, and Bricker in turn blamed the mayor, WPA, and the New Deal in general. Then the President himself joined in the controversy and castigated Bricker.

But while the politicians were exchanging charges and counter-charges, a quiet investigation was begun in Cleveland into the real facts, and now that the tumult and shouting are over it is clear that no one official is to blame. It may also be said that the people of Ohio are no more callous or indifferent to the distressed than the citizens of other states. The true culprit in this case, it is now plain, is not a person but an attitude compounded on the following widely accepted beliefs: (1) that relief rolls are mostly made up of shiftless ne'er-do-wells and chisellers; (2) that relief clients could and would find jobs if they faced the alternative of working or starving; (3) that relief standards are so high that the beneficiaries have no incentive to seek private employment; and (4) that through relief we are raising a class which is going to vote itself a permanent place at the public till.

This general attitude toward people on relief is, of course, not peculiar to Ohio. Why, then, is the Ohio relief situation seemingly so much worse than in other states? The answer is that it isn't much worse. For a variety of reasons Ohio's large cities have exciting crises every year or so, but these emergencies are relatively unim-

portant compared with the problem arising out of a subsistence standard that passes for normal and occasions no comment. The crises are merely aggravations of a chronic condition that is not greatly different in other communities. Cleveland's "normal" relief standard approximates the national average, with some cities higher and others lower, and therefore the lessons recently learned in Ohio apply to the rest of the country.

The ideas on relief listed above have persisted all during the depression years because it has been impossible to refute them with actual evidence. The only way, for instance, to determine whether a man will find a job if faced with starvation is to starve him. No government could possibly undertake such an experiment deliberately, but when a comparable situation "occurred" in Cleveland recently, a group of expert investigators seized the opportunity to get at some hitherto obscured facts. The result has been a study that for the first time provides documented answers to many of the pet theories that still becloud relief. The inquiry was undertaken by the American Association of Social Workers in co-operation with municipal authorities and twenty-seven private welfare agencies. No

effort was made to fix the political blame, the sole object being to determine precisely what happened during the time relief was reduced or cut off altogether. To this end a representative cross-section of 400 cases was selected and each case was individually studied in detail.

II

The first and most obvious fact developed was that the majority of those on relief are children and care-ridden mothers. Even if all the male adults were "chisellers" they would still be in the minority. Cartoonists in all justice should change the symbolic figure of relief from a male loafer to mother-and-child.

Special attention was given to the theory of find-work-or-starve. Only eight out of the entire group found jobs of any kind in private industry during the period studied, November 15 to December 15, and there was no assurance of permanency in these jobs. Five others won reassignments to WPA, and ten secured occasional odd jobs paying twenty-five to fifty cents. Three men "earned a few cents selling junk." What greater incentive for work can a man have than self-preservation, to say noth-

ing of providing for his wife and children? Yet only a handful obtained jobs of any sort. To determine why, the report breaks the group study into two units. In the first unit, eighty-five cases were found "unemployable because of physical illness and thirteen because of mental illness." The nature of the evidence is suggested by these excerpts:

In a family of man and wife, both over fifty-five, the woman has diabetes, and had had one leg amputated at the thigh because of diabetic gangrene. The man has been in the hospital for some time receiving treatment for gastric ulcers. He has been in a very serious condition. He was released from the hospital during the crisis and was at his home when the food order was discontinued. His wife could not even give him a cup of milk. The landlord reported the situation to the police, who brought in a basket of beans and potatoes, which the couple ate, although the foods were strictly forbidden in their diets.

In another case "where a father with five children was trying to keep his home together after the mother's death, the father was unable to obtain work because of his age and 'trouble with his legs.'" In a third case, "the father of seven children has asthma and high blood pressure and has been unable to work for years." These instances do not take into account the "women with small children who

are unable to leave home to seek work because of having to care for the children." Among the men found employable the one great factor was the prejudice of private industry against men over forty. Another sample at random:

In one case of a young couple married last March the woman was three months pregnant at the time of the relief crisis. The man had been a steady worker, although he had been unemployed for a time. Public relief had been given to the extent of \$1.27 every two weeks. When relief was cut off the man pawned his overcoat so that his wife could have food. The man himself was sick with a bad case of flu when he went to the public relief agency. He spent hours waiting only to be told no more food orders were available. They needed coal as well. The man was desperate.

The second unit studied was composed exclusively of those who were cut off relief altogether, and the facts developed were comparable to those uncovered in the first unit, except that the individual cases of hardship were, if anything, more severe. The inquiries left only one inescapable conclusion: Withdrawal of public benefits not only does not drive employables into finding jobs, but makes them less employable by undermining their health and destroying their morale. There were thirteen specific instances of suicide threats. Stiffly-stated anguish filled every

page of this factual 30,000-word report. But the real shock was not in the story of the crisis but in the unostentatious suffering that had existed for years under "full" relief. Those families which continued to receive reduced relief during the emergency weeks were put on a food standard of five and one-half cents per meal per person. But on full relief the standard is only seven and three-fifths cents per meal. That is the standard which now is in force and which was in effect prior to the breakdown. Citizens in other cities and states may well be startled by those figures, but the standards prevailing in their own communities are not likely to be much higher.

People don't starve in a day, or even in a week or two. The acute hardship of the crisis was not felt as severely by those on relief as the ordinary person imagines, for the investigation shows that most of them have been gradually habituated to prolonged undernourishment and malnutrition. When even the low normal standard was abruptly further reduced, the relief people were ready victims for disease. Among the 400 studied there were forty-four cases of pneumonia, influenza and pleurisy during the crisis, and there were

thirteen heart cases, the patients being seriously affected by strain and worry.

The real trouble that is brewing, though, must be traced to the regular relief standard, which over a period of several years has produced whole families of tubercular children. In the 400 cases studied, fourteen tubercular families were found. The report gave particular attention to children and pointed out that "community-costs will increase heavily in hospitalization and delinquency." Some youngsters were already out of school before food orders were pinched or shut off, and during the crisis many more were taken out by their parents because of weakness, lack of clothing and illness. Teachers in one school expressed great concern over nineteen children who were particularly showing the effects of undernourishment.

The social consequences of this policy are so obvious that nearly all groups in Cleveland began to see the light. The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce and the city's leading industrialists joined in a plea to the Governor for more adequate relief funds, and that is the most hopeful sign for the future. Where the facts about relief are made clear to the public, the old, cynical attitude fades.

III

Cleveland and most of Ohio's other large cities have already developed a more intelligent response toward relief. It is safe to say that if they were financially free to deal with the problem there would be no more crises and the regular standards would be improved. But Ohio's tragedy is that the cities are at the mercy of the state government. The rural politicians, who dominate the General Assembly, have little or no relief problem in their own counties, and consequently cannot grasp or really believe in the distress of the large cities.

In the financing of relief, Ohio's cities must turn to the Legislature, for the taxing powers of municipalities are sharply limited. The state constitution was amended several years ago to put a tax limitation of one dollar per hundred on real estate, and it is realty which provides cities with nearly all their revenue. The imposition of the ten-mill ceiling (previously fifteen mills) brought urban communities to their knees. They were further handcuffed when the state preempted all the other juicy forms of taxation: the sales tax, liquor monopoly, etc. The theory was that the state would look after relief

and would return to the cities a fair share of its huge revenues. The rural bloc in the Legislature has effectively sabotaged that idea. The large cities not only do not get back a reasonable share of the revenues which the state siphons off their communities through "painless" taxes, but the rural politicians have tried to shove most of the relief burden back onto the urban centers.

For several years now the cities have literally begged the Legislature for realistic relief appropriations, only to get a series of grossly inadequate bills, none of which has met the situation. This has produced the melodramas Ohio has so frequently staged for the rest of the country. The plot is always the same: The Legislature is called into special session; experts testify that \$30,000,000, say, is required for relief during the year. Then the country lawmakers gang up, pass a six-months bill, and cut the appropriation to six or seven millions or less. The money, of course, is exhausted long before the allotted time. Delegations from the city call on the Governor; nothing happens. Finally, the inevitable crisis sets in, headlines appear all over the country, once more the Legislature is scared into another special session.

One of these stop-gaps became famous as the "Coolie Bill" — it limited relief to about nine dollars a month per family. Furthermore, the state until last year allocated relief on the basis of geography instead of need. Thus, rural Monroe County, where living costs are low and there is no relief problem to speak of, got \$44.43 a month per relief case from the state, while it paid out only \$21.17 per case. This left Monroe with a bonus or surplus of \$23.26. Under the same bill, urban Cuyahoga County, where living costs are the highest in the state, got \$5.99 a month per case, but it spent \$24.40 per case, leaving a deficit of \$18.41. Notice that word *deficit*. It is an important link in this story, for Ohio's cities, unable to get money from the state and unable to get the power to tax themselves for additional revenue, have kept relief afloat only by going millions into the "red" year after year.

When Governor Bricker took office last year, he and the Legislature were asked to provide a relief bill that would meet known requirements, or else pass a bill empowering municipalities to levy new kinds of taxes on their own citizens to raise the necessary money. Neither request was granted. Instead the administration put

through a bill establishing relief on a so-called matching basis. That is, the cities would put up half of whatever they needed, and the state would match this dollar for dollar. It was estimated the state would need more than \$12,000,000 for matching purposes, but it refused to appropriate more than \$10,000,000. As predicted, this sum proved to be inadequate, the state was unable to match Cleveland's expenditures, and so in December came another inevitable emergency.

What shocked most readers was the spectacle of "want amidst plenty." Previous crises have been erroneously thought of as financial failures, instead of political failures. In this instance, however, there was no concealing the fact that Cleveland was having an industrial boom of 1929 proportions and the state had a surplus of several millions in its treasury. But the city could not tap its own resources because of the taxing restrictions imposed by the Legislature.

The crisis lasted for weeks. When all appeals to the Governor failed, he was asked for a solution. Let the cities borrow more money, was his answer. But Cleveland, like some of its sister cities, already had borrowed to the legal limit for relief. The Governor's attorney

general then produced some new opinions making possible one last burst of borrowing. This was the money that ended the emergency in Cleveland. The crisis was over, in the sense that the poor were back on their ordinary rations, but the day of reckoning was only postponed until the state's relief appropriation again runs out. When that day comes not even the most ingenious attorney general will be able to show the cities how to get additional loans.

The brightest hope for those on relief is the present campaign for reapportionment of the General Assembly. This movement, springing out of the last crisis, is being sponsored by the Cleveland Federation of Labor and already is obtaining wide support. At present every county, no matter how small, has at least one legislator. Thus Vinton County has one representative for its 10,000 population, while Cuyahoga has one for each 67,000. Sixty-four rural counties, total population 1,781,282, have sixty-four votes in the House, while the seven largest counties, with 3,504,000, have only forty-three votes. Under any reasonable apportionment it is clear that the balance of power in the Legislature would lie with the urban representatives.

Because of its size, the crisis in Cleveland drew the most attention, but it took Toledo to demolish the widely accepted idea that relief clients are voting themselves a permanent subsidy. When the Governor refused a special session, Toledo's local administration in desperation submitted a special relief levy to the voters, the brunt of which would fall on the already overtaxed home owners. It was an unfair burden to impose on this group, but there was little doubt that the levy would go over, there being enough adults on relief and WPA alone to insure passage. Furthermore, the measure was supported by all the newspapers, the Chamber of Commerce, the churches, and both the CIO and the AFL. Nevertheless, the levy lost, the vote being: for, 11,622; against, 29,655. At that time Toledo had 25,646 family heads on

relief, with 6000 more on WPA. To put it another way, these relief clients voted themselves off the dole.

After the special election, a Cleveland *Press* correspondent polled a group of fifteen on the relief rolls and found that thirteen of them had not voted for the levy. Four of the thirteen said they had voted against it, one of them explaining that he thought realty taxes were too high. The others didn't vote at all. Only one man said, "I voted yes, because it is my bread and butter."

Ohio has paid a high price to learn some of these important facts about relief and its administration, but if this data ultimately plays a part in producing a generally more enlightened and realistic attitude toward the problem, the crisis in Cleveland and the other cities will not have been entirely futile.

PROGRESS

By W. E. FARBSTAIN

THE difference between a father today
And a generation ago reduces
Down to this — that a father today
Makes up scientific excuses
For spanking his kid, where the olden father
Whipped his children without such bother.

REVOLUTION DE LUXE

A Story

BY CHARLES YALE HARRISON

MRS. WINIFRED MURDOCK had been in turn a Liberal, a Single-taxer, a Bahaist, a Technocrat, and a Christian Scientist. But now, she felt, she had reached the end of her long intellectual journey; she was a Communist. Her husband, on the other hand, was a solid businessman who had amassed an impressive fortune by the simple device of buying low, selling high, and never allowing the slightest emotional impulse to affect his decisions. His specialty was the underwriting of industrial bonds, and even in Wall Street he was looked upon with awe, if not with respect.

Thus when Mrs. Murdock heatedly discussed sharecropping, industrial unionism, unemployment, and Litvinov's peace proposals, she did so from the vantage point of her husband's check-book. At such times she had the comfortable feeling that American capitalism, with all its inequalities and injustice, would in all probability

last her lifetime — a feeling which in the past has sustained many wealthy revolutionists. Under the circumstances, of course, nothing remained for her but to manage as best she could under an iniquitous social order which, in the interim, offered certain undeniable charms and compensations.

Do not imagine, she was quick to inform you, that managing a twelve-room duplex apartment with a small staff of servants was a simple matter. One was simply exhausted at the end of a day. So in a way — she smiled eagerly as she said this — so in a way she was a proletarian in a gilded cage. There ought to be a union, she said with a nervous giggle, for the wives of irritable bankers.

Of course, with each successive ideological somersault there was an overhauling of the Murdock library. *Progress and Poverty* was ruthlessly liquidated to make room for the more streamlined manifestoes of Howard Scott, apostle of the erg.

Soon technocracy yielded to Mary Baker Eddy. And finally *Science and Health* retreated before the works of Granville Hicks, Karl Marx, Corliss Lamont, Stalin, and such.

With her conversion to communism, enormous bundles of party literature arrived for Mrs. Murdock almost every day, and for months she was immersed in the profundities of the Literati of the Left. Came the day when she felt at last that her novitiate was over and that she was free to preach the gospel. The first Corinthian, naturally, was her husband.

"You mustn't think," she said to him one morning at breakfast, "that we communists believe in violence. Far from it!"

"What about Russia?" he asked without looking up from his newspaper and coffee.

"You see, darling," she said, "we Americans really can't understand what happened in Russia until we see into the Russian soul." She clasped her hands and her eyes glowed as she spoke. "It's dark and mysterious and full of mystic brooding. Tender one minute and murderously passionate the next. But that's because they suffered so under the Czars, though I must admit I *adore* the Imperial Ballet."

"It dosen't make sense to me," Mr. Murdock said.

"But in America," Mrs. Murdock went on, "things are vastly different. When *we* make a revolution it'll be democratic and peaceful."

Mr. Murdock grunted. All this was so much moonshine to him, but on the whole he didn't mind. Some women were bar-flies, others gambled or trotted around with gigolos, and if his wife took it into her head to become a vicarious revolutionist, he supposed it was all right with him. There was only one drawback — the comrades. If only she wouldn't keep bringing them into the house. . . .

II

Like all neophytes, Mrs. Murdock burned with a desire to make the holy pilgrimage. People were always asking confusing questions and she felt that if she saw the Soviet "experiment" in actual operation she would return ready to confound the most carping critic. It was early in July when she left New York for Leningrad on a boat carrying an assorted cargo of social workers, schoolteachers eager for an annual thrill, and one or two sober men of God — all in search of the promised land. In their wallets they carried American letters of credit or American Express travel

orders. They were all well-shod and beautifully clothed, and not a few of them suffered from minor ailments caused by over-indulgence. But they preferred to see how the Russians ordered these things.

In Moscow Mrs. Murdock lived in a dither of almost speechless excitement. She was hustled from model factory to collective farm, from crèche to sanatorium, and she was not a little hurt when an attaché at the American Embassy told her that it was impossible for her to see Stalin. At a school she visited, a little girl of about ten asked through the interpreter if there were any schools in America. Without waiting for her reply the interpreter said in Russian: "Of course there are schools in America, but they are capitalist and the children are brutally beaten." Ignorant of the language, Mrs. Murdock stood by and smiled.

In the evening there were parties at various hotels or at the homes of the resident American comrades. One night after a convivial affair at the home of a distinguished American newspaper correspondent, Mrs. Murdock was being escorted to her hotel by a fellow tourist when they stumbled across a food queue, nearly two blocks long. Silent, expressionless, ill-clothed men and women stood in line waiting for a

chance to purchase some vegetables which had arrived in Moscow that evening. As Mrs. Murdock and her companion walked past the waiting Russians, she said: "Just look at their confident patience. Isn't it wonderful? Such faith; such devotion!"

On her return to America she plunged more feverishly than ever into work for the Party. She organized cocktail parties for the boys in Spain, served on twelve committees and made generous cash contributions to the League Against War and Fascism and the *New Masses* Sustaining Fund.

The Moscow trials were at their height at this time, and Mrs. Murdock was simply furious with people who implied that the trials of Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin, and others were framed. Once, on her way to a lecture, she stepped from her town car before Carnegie Hall. A somewhat shabby youth was peddling a socialist newspaper. "Read all about the Moscow frame-ups!" he shouted. But Mrs. Murdock was never at a loss at such moments. She stabbed the young man with a cold stare and said: "You're nothing but a traitor to your class!" And she gathered her sable cloak about her with a gesture of disgust.

Communism, she had learned

while in Russia, was more than a political credo, it was a way of life. So one evening she informed her husband that the Murdock yacht, the *Lulu Belle*, a resplendent thing of mahogany and brass, ought to have its name changed. *Lulu Belle*, she felt, smacked of bourgeois triviality. She suggested that it ought to be called the *Krupskaya*. A violent dispute ensued.

"I don't give a damn if she was Lenin's wife," Murdock bellowed. "Nothing doing! This is going too far." Then changing his tack, he began to plead. "Now listen, Winnie . . ."

The *Lulu Belle* was re-christened the *Krupskaya*, and the *Daily Worker* ran a picture of the event in its Sunday magazine section, in the department devoted to transport workers.

And so Mrs. Murdock continued to live in a motley heaven in which Stalin was the deity and Michael Gold, Malcolm Cowley, Ralph Bates, Robert Forsythe (né Kyle Crichton) and Louis Fischer circled around the throne as archangels. To be sure, her mind was sometimes assailed by doubt. She ran into magazine articles and news stories predicting an *Anschluss* between Stalin and Hitler as a real possibility. But then, the *Daily Worker* and the *New Republic* as-

sured the devout that these were merely the ravings of Trotskyite-Fascist-Tory-Nazi-Republican madmen. And having read these assurances, Mrs. Murdock felt somewhat relieved.

Then one day late in the summer of 1939 history and the Kremlin played Mrs. Murdock a low, contemptible trick. The Nazi-Soviet pacts were signed! She could scarcely look her husband straight in the eye for a week. Panic broke in the proletarian penthouse. Crestfallen fellow-travelers started on the long trek home from the communist joy-ride. Vincent Sheean and Ralph Bates said It Was All a Mistake. Louis Fischer mumbled that Now It Can Be Told. The unadmirable Crichton disowned Mr. Forsythe. Even Malcolm Cowley rediscovered Truth and Integrity, with reservations of course. Mrs. Murdock's Sunday night suppers soon became dismal affairs at which former comrades outdid each other in breast-beating and explained how they *always* knew Stalin was a bloody tyrant.

Now the *Krupskaya* has been re-named the *Lulu Belle* and, according to reliable reports, Mrs. Murdock is an earnest student of Yogi, feeling that at last she has reached the end of her long intellectual journey.

AQUA PURA IN OLD NEW YORK

BY GRACE ADAMS AND EDWARD HUTTER

THE chimes of Grace Church had just rung in the New Year. A few blocks west on Tenth Street a party was being thrown. It had the standard set-up of arty Greenwich Village. The guests sat in candlelight before an open fire, on couches and on the floor, and discussed poetry and art and political reforms and Life. A pretty girl, who had recently shocked her family and her family's friends by deserting society for the stage, sang in a throbbing, throaty voice a new and vaguely naughty song. The radical son of a wealthy father, who naturally had been stuck for the party's refreshments, talked excitedly about the latest social experiments in Europe. And a thin, sad man with a pear-shaped head and a small dark moustache, recited his most doleful and therefore most popular poem.

What made this party a little different from others in this neighborhood through nine decades was that the society singer was Cora Mowatt, whose play, *Fashion*, Deems Taylor and Brian Hooker

revamped for the opening of the Greenwich Village Theatre seventy-five years later; the declaiming radical was Albert Brisbane; and the morose poet was Edgar Allan Poe.

It was also at this party that Mary Neal Gove and Thomas Nichols came face to face for the first time. And from this meeting there developed one of New York's strangest institutions.

Unlike most of the guests, Mrs. Gove and Mr. Nichols were not content just to be winchelled in Poe's "Literati" columns of *Godey's Lady's Book*; they had wider and grander interests. Mrs. Gove, whom Poe thought perhaps the most remarkable female novelist of her day, was also, according to Poe, "a Mesmerist, a Swedenborgian, a phrenologist, a homeopathist, and a disciple of Priessnitz — more I am not prepared to say." And Mr. Nichols, although he had some four novels to his credit, had edited James Gordon Bennett's *Herald* and had got out a couple of papers of his own, had also spent several

months in jail for stirring up laboring men against their bosses.

But the really great thing that these two had in common was a profound faith in the dietary theories of Sylvester Graham and the healing powers of water. Both had written extensively for radical magazines about the wonderful effects of eating unbolten bread and taking lots of baths, so each knew the other by reputation before this eventful meeting. But the minute Thomas's eyes actually fell on Mary, a "new light broke upon me — the mingled rays of love and wisdom. My destiny was joined to hers, in the holiest of bonds; and our studies and work, as well as our lives, lay henceforth in the same track." More specifically, they decided to set themselves up in the water-cure business.

There were, to be sure, a few academic and legal details to be attended to before their bonds could become as holy, or even as respectable, as a really high-class water-cure establishment demanded. In the first place, although Mrs. Gove had been carrying on a tidy little practice in the very house where the party was given, and there was nothing to prevent Mr. Nichols from moving in and assisting her with it — as he did — she had no medical degree

of any kind. Also, both had left spouses in their native New England hamlets. A little untangling had to be done before the new mingling could take place. While they waited impatiently for their divorce decrees, Mr. Nichols put in his time profitably by getting an M.D. from New York University. By 1850 their mutual track was so well cleared that they were able to place this advertisement in the New York papers:

WATER-CURE HOUSE
THOMAS L. NICHOLS AND
MARY GOVE NICHOLS,

Water-Cure Physicians, wish to apprise their friends and the public, that they have removed to a more eligible, convenient, and accessible residence, No. 87 West Twenty-Second Street, near the Sixth Avenue, in the center of the most beautiful and salubrious "uptown" portion of New York. . . .

At this house, combining the advantages of country air with a city residence, Dr. and Mrs. Nichols will receive patients for full board and treatment, for day treatment, and for consultation and examination. Patients also treated at their residences. Professional visits made within a reasonable distance, and the principles of Water-Cure applied to every department of medicine, surgery and obstetrics. . . .

The Nicholoses did not, of course, think up the water-cure. That had been done several years before by an ignorant Austrian peasant. By the time they set up their salubrious establishment, Europe was

dense with spas, Saratoga was flourishing, and curative powers were being discovered in the iron, sulphur and limestone springs of the Southern Alleghenies where fashionable resorts were built around them. But it was the Nicholoses' contention that the free, pure "waters of Croton," administered by competent hydrotherapists, would work greater wonders than the evil-tasting effusions which bubbled forth at these distant and more expensive places — where, because of the dictates of fashion, women laced themselves almost to suffocation, men absorbed into their systems "spirituous drinks" and such "poisonous narcotics" as tea, coffee and tobacco, and both, together with their children, "crammed themselves with impure flesh and heating spices."

The Nicholoses allowed their patients no pork, no fat meat, no gravies, no pastries, and no condiments except a little salt. Their only drink was cold water. The women patients could wear only loose-fitting garments. At night persons of both sexes were required to remove all clothing worn in the daytime, to open their bedroom windows, and to sleep on mattresses (instead of the customary feather beds) with wet cloths

around their abdomens. Their waking hours were spent in experiencing the various kinds of water-cure. At regular, carefully prescribed intervals they were obliged to take hand baths, foot baths, head baths, sitz baths ("underclothes on, feet out") and douches. Between times, attendants packed them in wet sheets, festooned them with "dripping sheets" and threw buckets of water at them.

Among the maladies that the Nicholoses treated "with entire success" in this manner were brain fever, typhus fever, lung fever, ship fever, delirium tremens, smallpox, scarlatina, measles, chicken pox, varioloid, spinal disease, hernia, ague, croup, injuries to the lungs and other injuries, diseases of the eyes, jaundice, cholera, and the "whole Train of Female Weaknesses."

As the fame of their cures spread, their establishment thrived. The Water-Cure House was always booked to capacity and patients came there to board from Rhode Island, Ohio, Kentucky and "the Southern States." It also carried on a flourishing mail-order business. Patients from a distance were cautioned to

give a full and clear account of their diseases, the time they have been affected, the health of their parents,

if dead of what diseases they died, and at what age, and all facts which may throw light upon the case, especially those relating to diseases, medicines, habits, and temperature, or reactive power against cold.

They were instructed to "enclose five dollars in the first letter, and one dollar in subsequent letters, if such are required." Mrs. Nichols soon had to relinquish all active practice, except the Train of Female Weaknesses, in order to answer the mail.

II

All might have continued in this respectable, prosperous way had not a "rare and exquisite beauty," one day in 1855, alighted from the Bloomingdale stage at Twenty-Second Street and entered the Water-Cure House. Although Mrs. Nichols was immediately taken with her "outward seeming" — "her form was plump, her cheeks rosy and her complexion like the lily in fairness" — she had been but a few minutes in her presence when she "became penetrated by a great sadness." It seemed justified, for her visitor took a little bottle of cologne from her bag, poured some upon her handkerchief, and passed it over her face. "A frightful pallor succeeded," and the handkerchief held up to Mrs. Nichols' aston-

ished gaze was covered with rouge.

"I am made up. I am bloated with porter," the young lady said. Besides, she announced herself wretched, nervous and diseased. This declaration on such short notice did not feaze Mrs. Nichols. As the visitor prattled on in a candid vein, she kept fiddling with a letter. Mrs. Nichols diagnosed the scene. "That letter," she burst out impulsively, "is from one you love!" "It is, it is," said the weeping woman. Whereupon Mrs. Nichols said "solemnly" if abruptly, "Then you are saved. . . . Turn not away from this love. It is the only sacred thing left you. . . . You are safe in following my counsel."

The giving of such counsel had a profound and rather disastrous effect upon the future of both Mrs. Nichols and her husband. She soon became so absorbed with prying into and diagnosing the sex lives of her consultants that she scarcely had time to prescribe pouring baths and sitz baths and dripping sheets for the less interesting boarders. Her advice in these matters was catholic. She felt just as much sympathy for the husband who had the misfortune to be married to a mate lacking in "amative want" as for the robust young wife of an aging husband. In fact things came to such a pass that

she could not hear the word "purity" without exclaiming "Bah!!!"

Matters might still have gone on peaceably, and her patients might have derived as much happiness from her counsels as their counselor was sure they should, had not the Nicholises been congenital and incorrigible writers and speech-makers. As soon as Mrs. Nichols came across a new "victim of diseased amativeness" — her description of a wife more commonly spoken of in those days as "chaste as ice" — she made haste to transcribe the details of her consultation to the pages of *Nichols' Journal* and broadcast them to the world.

Inevitably a copy of the *Journal* — which the Nicholises used for expressing their most fervent beliefs as well as for drumming up trade for the Water-Cure House — found its way into the hands of her ex-husband in New Hampshire. This pure Quaker lost no time in spreading unkind words about the former Mrs. Gove's business in New York. But she squelched him prettily by retorting in the next month's *Journal* that were she actually "conducting a house of infamy" Hiram Gove would never be admitted on its premises.

There was another former, though less intimate, acquaintance,

however, whom she could not silence so easily. That was Horace Greeley. He had been almost as favorably impressed by the negative eating habits of Sylvester Graham as the Nicholises. And so long as the Water-Cure House confined its treatments to the waters of Croton and unbolten bread, he gave it a good press. But as Mrs. Nichols delved deeper and deeper toward the mysterious nadir of the amative instinct, he became leery. Finally, when she announced and delivered a public lecture on the thesis that "A woman should decide when she would bear a babe, and should choose the father of her child," there was no reporter from the *Tribune* at the meeting. Mrs. Nichols took this to be an oversight on Mr. Greeley's part and sent him the complete text of her address. Still it remained absent from the pages of the *Tribune*. When Mr. Greeley was pressed for a reason for this omission he said simply that the article was "unfit for the columns of my paper." This hurt Mrs. Nichols but it did not daunt her. In the very next number of *Nichols' Journal* she addressed this question to Mr. Greeley:

"Suppose a woman loved seven men in turn, had a child by each, and *continued* to love them, what hurt is it to you?"

Mr. Greeley ignored her question, but continued editorially to call her licentious and libidinous.

The letters, containing the hopeful five dollars for the first consultation, came less frequently. Boarders packed their Saratoga trunks and returned to Rhode Island, Ohio, Kentucky and "the Southern States." Even calls for consultations from reasonable distances became scarce. In 1856 the Nicholoses, with seven still-faithful patients and *Nichols' Journal*, quit 87 West Twenty-Second Street in the most beautiful and salubrious uptown portion of New York for the environs of Cincinnati. But that thriving community had changed considerably during the thirty years since Fanny Wright and the two Robert Owens had made of it a kind of anticipatory Southern California. In the 'fifties Cincinnati had become almost effete Eastern and temporarily fed up with reformers.

Moreover, the Nicholoses were particularly unfortunate in divining the site of their newest enterprise, land close to that upon which Horace Mann was even then erecting the first buildings of Antioch College. He was just as adamant as the Horace in New York against having free-lovers for neighbors, and wrote to the Ohio

papers just as intemperately about them. Again the Nicholoses had to move on. This time, not even taking *Nichols' Journal* with them, they headed down the Mississippi. For a while they found refuge in a convent near New Orleans. And then, just as less amusing reformers in the pure New England from which they had escaped were tightening their lips for fratricidal slaughter, they took a cargo boat for England and landed in Liverpool with thirty shillings.

There, bewildered, friendless, and ill (Mrs. Nichols had suffered from tuberculosis while she cured others of more spectacular ailments), they had once more to turn to writing in order to make a living. It was then that they wrote the only things by which they are known today. Dr. Nichols set down his honest, homely remembrances of *Forty Years of American Life* — a book which was published for the third time just three years ago. And Mrs. Nichols sold to a two-penny magazine her *Recollections of Edgar Allan Poe* — those simple, tender little sketches which no biographer neglects to quote and from which the rest of us have learned about the frightened, pitiable months that Eddie and Muddy and Virginia spent in that bare, clean cottage at Fordham.

WHERE LIVING COSTS LITTLE

BY LARRY NIXON

IT DOESN'T take a fortune to settle down in most of the interesting places of the world. A family of four can live in comfort and some style on an income of \$100 a month. Ten dollars a week will take care of the living expenses of a single man or woman; if you want to eat fish caught by yourself, there are places where food costs come down to the proverbial song. And I'm not talking about Tahiti, or Bali, or Granada. I mean places where you can go without a passport, without waiting eight weeks for a ship, and without posting a bond to cover your return-trip passage as you must if you go to Tahiti or to any of the foreign-owned islands of the West Indies.

There are places right here in our own land as remote as any escape seeker could ask. Some of them are on the main highway, with daily newspapers stuck in tubes on posts twice a day. Others are reached by twice-a-week boats carrying occasional passengers and the always important mail. Here and there hideaways exist that shelter wise

men who have become fed up with city life and retreated to fastnesses invaded by visitors only once or twice a year. You have met people who get "starry eyed" when they talk about the South Seas. But I know a chap who can match their tales — and he gets back to New York to talk to his publishers on twenty-four hours' notice, when necessary.

You can live in Tahiti for \$50 a month. Just as good a house in Arkansas, however, runs your budget no higher, with better servants and fully as tasty fish; in fact it can be done for a lot less. No country offers bargains in escape more plentifully than our own. Take the case of the ranch at Elgin, Arizona. You sleep in the big house with its two-foot-thick 'dobe walls, ride horseback every day, eat huge Western-style meals, and rest in the sun. The cost is exactly \$75 a month, for everything. Of course this is cheaper than most dude ranches, but it takes no Sherlock Holmes to find it — just one of the ranches listed in the prosaic travel

literature issued by the sovereign state of Arizona.

Setting the standards of expenditure for a life away from the crowd is not easy. One escapist wants to chop wood, build houses, fish and hunt. Another wants just to sit and catch up on his thinking. The more work you do yourself, the less your cost. The more service you want, the more you pay — yet it is all reasonable if you know where to look. Take Corpus Christi, Texas. Wealthy sportsmen fly down there for ducks, but you can make it in an old car and nobody seems to think the less of you. You can be a “season visitor” and stay at a “bungalow court” for \$10 or \$12 a week and cook your own food; or you can live at a hotel and sit on the porch, and do it in style, gossip and all.

But for the real escapist there’s another story. Out in front of the harbor lies sixty-six-mile-long Padre Island, where beachcomber living costs are down to bedrock. There aren’t too many shacks there, of course, and you need a car to get around, but as my friend Grover Johns says, “You can’t give your money to the fish and it’s too much trouble to go to town every day.” Expenses are low. Fair skies are overhead and the weather pleasant — not too hot in summer

because of the breezes, not too cold in winter because you’re pretty far south. If you wanted to buy a piece of land your investment shouldn’t run past a very few hundred dollars.

Now this is no disparagement of Robinson Crusoe’s Island of Tobago, off the Venezuela Coast; nor of Venezuela’s Isle Margarita, where two or three Americans find pearl fishing fun to watch while they live on less than an errand boy earns for his forty hours a week in a Philadelphia office. But quarters are limited in such places. I don’t know of a house to rent on Margarita. There’s the old lighthouse tower on Tobago — circular rooms above one another, fresh water in the house and the sea rolling on the beach: \$35 a month. But even a hardened lover of the outdoors might like a place nearer to Broadway. Somewhere you can count the journeying time in hours instead of days.

Take the nearby Maryland shore. It is famous as a summer resort; miles and miles of inland water front on Chesapeake Bay, with shacks to rent for \$25 a month, right on the water, your boat moored in sight of the window. For those who eschew all forms of labor, at any one of the hundreds of country homes your bill will be less than \$400 a year — room, meals,

and somebody to go fishing with on sunshiny days. Build yourself a home, or buy an old place and fix it up. Prices are even lower than the farmed-out sections of New England, and some of the houses fully as historic as any in rock-ribbed Vermont.

II

All along the shore, wherever the salt water comes, are lands of complete rest where it is vacation time all the year round. Except for the publicized sections of New England, far Florida and Southern California, you can almost name your own figure for year-round rent on shore territory.

Take even as large a city as Charleston, down on the Carolina coast. This romantic old town is becoming a haven for writers and others who want to stay in touch with the world but like to do it from the sidelines where the pace isn't so exhausting. You will find your \$100-a-month income welcomed in Charleston, and you won't have to live on Tobacco Road either. You may not land in society circles — although your income has nothing to do with that in Charleston — but you will find it a pleasant place to live, with prices scaled to the level of what would

be starvation wages on Forty-second Street. Right in the city you can rent a small house, fully furnished, for less than \$40 a month. If you want a cottage on the beach and will take it by the year, the price will be less. In summer, of course, the rates jump, but year-round renters are cash customers not to be neglected. Dropping down in off-season, any visitor can strike a bargain. Food prices are relatively low. There are good movies and not bad shops — and your servant costs \$14 a month.

If Charleston is too big, try the Beauforts. There is one in each of the Carolinas. They are spelled the same, and unless everybody is wrong they are named for the same man; but in South Carolina say "Bufort" and in North Carolina say "Bofort." Either way they are real places in which to relish life.

Beaufort, South Carolina, is Old South: huge trees all hung with moss; yards filled with luxurious flowers; rocking chairs on broad porches; five hundred islands along the shore. Fishermen laze on old docks, and energetic first-year Yankees sit in the sun to get a tan while properly habituated visitors keep their heads in the shade and watch the yachts move along the intra-coastal waterway. Colony

Gardens, across the river from Beaufort proper, was built for the specific purpose of providing comfortable apartments for writers and artists of limited means. Three rooms, completely furnished, maid and janitor service, for \$35 a month in winter, \$50 in summer. That's for a modern place to live; no Mexican fleas, no Far East floors you're afraid to touch with a bare foot, and plenty of cheap home-grown vegetables you can eat without boiling. In Beaufort City you can get a house for about the same money. Colored cooks there rarely collect more than five dollars a week.

One thing the Beauforts have in common is the intra-coastal waterway, protected against the ocean's strength from the Chesapeake to Florida. There are places to tie your vessel, Great Dismal Swamp to explore, and low living expenses for the water dweller. But of course the East has no exclusive offerings for those who want to live on the water where the waves aren't high. In the West, yachts and cruisers and old fishing boats make their way up the coast to Alaska every summer. Fall sees them wintering to the south — life in the open at a cost that would barely pay for rent at home. On either shore of our USA you can go island hunting.

Island castles are found wherever the waters run. Sometimes they're expensive and cost as much to operate as a city house; at other times the Isle of Escape is simple, with fresh water from the mainland the biggest expense.

The Carolina Islands and sand bars aren't always places to live, but if you shop around you can find something to suit, from huge plantation houses to seaside shacks. The West is all right, but if you want water life, try the other Beaufort — up North Carolina way, on Old Topsail Inlet, facing the broad Atlantic. A newspaper man named Aycock Brown is the host, booster, and fixer-up for visitors.

Like its South Carolina namesake, Beaufort is overloaded with history. Some visitors say it's healthy too; they point out the old cemetery with not a tombstone marked later than 1888. There is plenty to do if you are restless; fishing boats to watch, people to talk with, excursions to make, and even buried treasure to be dug for. Brown will unearth an old map or two if you don't bring one of your own. If you want to put on the dog you can get a room at the Inlet Inn. Mrs. Pierson will charge you about \$15 a week for quarters that are not as good as the Waldorf, but with food that Oscar would admire.

There are other hotels, and boarding houses, down to about \$40 a month. But if that's too civilized, you can truly get away from it all at nearby Cape Lookout, or at Harker's Island, on Core Sound, where there aren't any hotels. Some kindly citizen will feed you fish and such and let you sleep late in the morning for \$25 or \$30 a month while you look for a house of your own.

For deeper solitude there is Ocracoke Island, where Blackbeard the pirate lost his head. This fisherman's island is thirty miles at sea, and a number of artists and writers winter there from time to time. If the literary atmosphere gets on your nerves, go back to the town of Atlantic on the mainland and get someone to take you out in a boat along the Sound. Here are scattered island and shore shacks that rent for little or nothing a year. Ralph Nelson won't admit it when you first pin him down, but if a patient visitor lets him talk about fishing for a couple of days, this piscatorial information-bureau will lead the way to a house where one can live and board for \$300 a year. Even if you have to build a place, it won't make a heavy dent in the savings account.

Along the coast line of the whole country, except right at

the smarter resorts, are similar bargains. Fort Pierce in Florida is a good example. A furnished apartment there is often advertised at \$35 a month. And over in Old Mobile on the Gulf the prices run very little higher, if any. Mobile is a grand old town, with Jackson Square filled with snow dodgers and the famous old Battle House handy for city style lunch. Barney Sheridan over at the Chamber of Commerce has lists of homes at \$40 a month, but for bargains run your eye down the advertising columns of the *Register*. Room and meals at \$35 and \$45 monthly are frequently offered. If you want to see a single-tax colony in operation, move out to Fairhope, only twenty-five miles from town. Watch the workers in a hand pottery there. They loaded the wheel and brushes in a car and drove down from the East a year or so ago — just another set of escapists, only they're making a living while they escape.

III

In Mobile you will find a lot of "hit the highway" escapists, men and women and whole families who have discovered it is cheaper to journey with the sun than to stay at home. In winter they flock to Florida and the Gulf Coast; in

summer they venture to the lakes of Michigan or the mountains of Colorado; and not all of them have trailers hitched on behind the old car. A great many "moving-home" American citizens like the bungalow courts. These little communities of box-like houses offer opportunities to get out of the whirl of life at prices most city-bound people can't believe. The courts started out to cater to journeying motorists who hate hotels and bell-boys with itching palms. Auto Court, Cabin Camp or whatever they may be called, they're much more than just places to escape from the garage bandits and "only-one-room-left" clerks. Furnished houses for the night cost less than a dollar a person. Many of them are located in scenic country, with lakes near by. No longer are they occupied only by transient visitors. One man at Homeland, near Ashville, has been there five years.

Some of these colonies are on the main highways and much too near busy cities, but others are laid out for lovers of solitude — like Cactus Forest Ranch near Florence, Arizona. Mine Host Peters set up his houses fully 200 feet apart. You can't hear the folks next door and they can't hear you unless you shout. Spotless quarters, furnished homes for two at \$50 a month in

the heart of the desert country. Most of the visitors spend the winter; sometimes they buy houses near by and stay for years.

Arizona and New Mexico are rapidly building colonies of artists and writers who find rest and relaxation in the land of the sun, at prices artists and writers can afford to pay. Pick your town and write the Mayor; never mind his name, just say "Mr. Mayor." If the town is small enough you'll find the prices small too. That method of scouting for an escape-home by mail works in any state of the Union. There is one Florida town where the Mayor not only quotes rates, but sends you a picture of the house, with the vacant room marked with a cross.

A lot of these places sound like vacation lands spread out to cover a long season, and they are. No real escapist wants to be drawn immediately into the little whirlpool of small town life, just after his escape from the larger sink hole of his city work. He takes his first months of escape as a vacation, rests, reads, writes a few letters home, brags about the fun he's having, and gradually adapts himself to a life that does not depend on the speed of the trans-Atlantic air mail. Then, after the strangeness has been taken off his speech,

he moves into the life around him. Your city-bred immigrant who has paid \$1000 down on the old brick house just off Main Street is important to any small community. The money he spends in the corner grocery and the wage he pays his maid add to the flow of cash in town. Soon there will be a nod here and there as he walks down the street, the chap around the corner who borrowed the lawn mower will say "hello," the milkman will sit next to him at the movies — and presto, he is part of a town.

But that's enough of small town life. True escapists want more freedom, more outdoors. For that, take to the hills. Climb a mountain top where your shouts can ring to the skies without disturbing the neighbors or drawing a radio patrol car. Best of all, turn to the lands that once were populous and are deserted now, the Ghost Towns of the nation.

In lumber forests, far from the main highway, along the side of the track where the timber workers have been, are towns buried in scrub trees. In Jersey's barrens, stakes mark the streets which optimistic promoters laid out to sell as city lots. Squatters move in, often stay years before they are dislodged; the counties don't even carry the land on the tax lists. But

it is desolate country. Not so when you turn to the Western slope. The price of gold has gone up; they're working long-deserted mines in the land of the Mother Lode. The Ghost Towns of the Gold Rush days are slowly filling up with lovers of the great outdoors, the real escapists who find complete rest in the hills. Here in half a dozen counties are towns made famous by writers of the days of the pony express. You can spend a night or a month at an old hotel that once resounded to the shouts of celebrating miners, see the bars over which gold once poured, watch die-hard prospectors still working over the tailings, picking at claims long since abandoned, seeking gold again.

It is the perfect American land of escape-from-it-all: Chinese Camp, and Jintown, made famous by Bret Harte; Jackass Hill where Mark Twain wrote the jumping bullfrog tale; Jenny Lind, so named because the Swedish Nightingale sang to the miners there in those days long ago. You can get a modern four room house at standard rural rental costs — \$40 a month or so — or rent yourself a miner's cabin and live as the old-timers did. You'll pay less a year than they once paid a week; eight to twelve dollars a month will

satisfy your landlord. Get your cabin arranged for, go shopping in Sacramento, load a few bits of furniture in the back of your car, drive up, settle down, stow your groceries on the kitchen shelf, then start life again near the wilds of Poker Flat. And when you feel that exercise is your need, pull out the gold pan you bought in town, read the directions once again, then set out prospecting on your own. You'll likely find no gold, but then again you may.

America as a land of escape offers no cure-all for the employment woes of the world, no sinecures or

rescues from the harassments of the weary. But the man or woman who is ready for escape and who can finance the modest down payments has a better chance in America than anywhere else in the world. Here no laws prohibit your labor, no restrictions make you pay higher license fees than older residents, no quota restricts your immigration. There's no need to worry about foreign exchange or submarine raids. America has everything your city-tired heart can ask — at rock bottom prices, and clean to boot. Pick your state, look around; you'll find what you seek.



THERE WERE WARS

BY INEZ SHELL

THERE were wars, and the blind dead unafraid and gaping,
And the undead weeping until I turned in my sleep
And dreamed again of snow on the apple leaf
And the drifting petal, and the woven, earth-dark root.
There were guns like a moving fence circling the seasons;
And there were the roots of the apple tree, and the petals
Thin like remembering, like sleep, full
Of honey and milk and the sun, the round apple.

DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY

BY CRADDOCK GOINS

WINNIE DAVIS was truly the South's own daughter. She personified a broken land's unbreakable ideals. Born under fire, she began life where the soldiers of the South made their last stand. In the Confederate White House at Richmond, General Lee held her in his arms and pronounced her "the Daughter of the Confederacy." Youngest of that tragic family that symbolized the Southern spirit, she was named for her mother, Varina Anne. She also inherited the pet name Jefferson Davis called his wife. Thus, in the midst of trouble, little Winnie began a troublous life. But for a devilish trick of fate, her life might have been passed in the usual tranquil obscurity of the Southern gentlewoman. A handsome young man from New York was her undoing.

It was at Beauvoir, the Mississippi Gulf Coast home where Jefferson Davis found his last sanctuary, that Alfred Wilkinson came into her life. Rich, personable and well reared, he had nothing to disqualify him for the heart and hand

of any Southern belle, except that he was a Yankee. That was plenty. Wails of protest swept a land already bowed under humiliations unspeakable. The Daughter of the Confederacy in love with a Yankee! From Virginia to Texas the dumfounded South deluged Jefferson Davis with demands that he give the boot to the intruding blue-belly. His silent indifference made the furor grow. Perhaps he was tired of hate. For years he had been a fugitive in foreign lands. He was growing old. His daughter was just home from exile. She had been left in a school at Karlsruhe, Germany, when she was a little child. Now she was assisting him in the last work of his life, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," although she knew much more about Bismarck's Germany than Jefferson Davis' Southland. It must have been hard for her to understand that geography could make any difference to a man and a maid in love.

Parental silence did not conceal the fact that the Beauvoir house-

hold was disturbed. Jefferson Davis' wife was more alert to the Southern clamor. She had no objection to Alfred Wilkinson, not even as a Northerner. Many Northern-born men had valiantly served the Confederacy. But Mr. Wilkinson had no Confederate background. At New Orleans and other nearby places there were many eligible young Southerners. Mrs. Davis opened the doors of her home to them. She cultivated them "in every lady-like manner," according to Mrs. Eron Dunbar Rowland. Mrs. Rowland, a personal friend of Mrs. Davis, lives at Jackson, Mississippi. She is the author of the only standard biography of that lady, *Varina Howell, Wife of Jefferson Davis*. She describes Winnie as "an exquisite type of the womanhood of the aristocratic South, set aside as a shrine at which none but those below the Mason and Dixon could worship." With that Mrs. Rowland drops Winnie like a hot potato; the Southern people never quite forgave Mr. Wilkinson for even momentarily darkening the threshold of the Confederacy's first family.

When she met Alfred Wilkinson, Winnie was maturing into a somber beauty: dark eyes, cherry-blossom cheeks, patrician features, quiet and pensive manner. Jefferson

Davis' only reference to Alfred Wilkinson outside family circles was on the Beauvoir veranda one day. A curious visitor, seeing Alfred strolling on the beach with Winnie, spoke of him as "a charming young man if he is a Yankee." Mr. Wilkinson was a commanding person, tall, gracious, and reserved. "He has a charming devotion," suggested Mr. Davis, "to his own affairs." But gossip prevailed. Alfred and Winnie ceased their strolls on the beach. The gaze of the curious could not reach them in the music room at Beauvoir. There was gossip that, one night, Alfred was guiding her fingers, at the piano, over the bars of *The Star-Spangled Banner* when Jefferson Davis entered the room, his face a thundercloud. The report was sharply denied by Mary Ahearn, the German-speaking lady from Bulloch County, Georgia, who had been Winnie's childhood governess and companion in Germany. "I myself taught her *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and she played it for her father one day at Karlsruhe," she said.

II

The end of the romance was the subject of much conjecture. Suddenly Beauvoir knew the tall,

dashing figure of Mr. Wilkinson no more. Winnie abandoned social life. She threw herself into her father's work. No mention of Alfred came from any member of the household. The curious learned nothing but the fact that Winnie was a lady of sorrow, and was very busy. One deeply sentimental thing she found time to do. She painted a portrait of herself. But it did not go to Mr. Wilkinson. She gave it to Mary Ahearn. That portrait, the only likeness of her in maturity known to exist, is now the property of Mrs. John Owen of Atlanta.

In the spring of 1885, Winnie came out of retirement to say goodbye to friends she would never see again. As she was embracing her father for the last time, Alfred was speeding back to New York. She thought she would never see him again. She had obviously paid for the decision to put duty ahead of personal desire. She looked tired and worn. There are people living today who claim to know that Alfred Wilkinson was unselfish enough to make her decision easier, saddened at the thought of making her an outcast from the land that idolized her. However, the slightest suggestion that Mr. Wilkinson was the one who broke off the romance will bring down the fury

of long sleeping passions. Nowhere is there a record that Jefferson Davis interfered. He knew his daughter was no stranger to sorrow. She was a babe in arms when she and her mother fled Richmond, when Jefferson Davis gave his wife a purse and a pistol and said he hoped to join her soon in a happier season. She and her mother, wretched fugitives, had camped in the dark woods at night. Sometimes the ground was wet. Always anxiety lay heavily upon their hearts. They were hunted by men by day and haunted by fears at night.

Winnie returned to Karlsruhe and remained there till she heard of her father's death. Then she joined her mother in New York, and plunged into a literary career. Two novels and much poetry won her some popularity and predictions of a literary future. But her native English was never an easy vehicle of expression, and her long life abroad had made her more European than American. She and her mother made many friends among the people who crushed Jefferson Davis' idealistic empire. They were constant objects of curiosity — and admiration.

Winnie's somber beauty seemed to grow with the years. But no would-be suitor received encour-

agement. The heart that had once belonged to Alfred Wilkinson was now centered on work. She aided in the preparation of Mrs. Davis' *Memoirs*. Mother and daughter were inseparable. Quiet, serious, and simple in manner, Winnie was gracious to everyone, intimate with nobody. One day she faced a situation that tested her poise. She was attending a literary affair in the home of Joseph Pulitzer, the New York publisher, whose wife claimed kinship with Jefferson Davis. As Winnie approached a certain group, conversation suddenly ceased. All eyes were focused upon her. A moment later she was looking into the eyes of Alfred Wilkinson. For a moment they stood silent, wordless. Then Winnie eased the tension. "It is always good to see an old friend, Mr. Wilkinson," she said gently. Alfred took her hand. He pressed it warmly. Without a word, he bowed his head and turned hur-

riedly away. They never met again. Nor did any other man come into the heart of the lady who had sacrificed her happiness to a crushed people's notion of honor.

Winnie died suddenly of pneumonia at Narragansett Pier on September 18, 1898. She was thirty-four years old, in the full bloom of personal attractiveness and professional promise. Mary Ahearn, now old and weary, rushed to the funeral. She wept broken-heartedly, constantly crying, "My little child!" A third mourner was a sad-faced old lady who had also known much heartache: Mrs. U. S. Grant had learned to love the family of the man who had tried to divide her country. She knelt and wept at Winnie's bier. In the back of the church a tall, handsome man sat alone with bowed head. Alfred Wilkinson did not forget in death the woman who had once wanted to trust him with her life and happiness.



AMERICANA

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

PROOF that patriotic sentiments abound in the nation's capital, as recorded by Ray Tucker in his column, *Behind the News*:

WARNING — Several months ago General Pershing had three teeth extracted because their diseased state was supposed to be responsible for his physical infirmities. It came to the general's ears that these three teeth were being peddled at Washington curio shops.

The general sent his secretary out to collect his teeth. The secretary, after making the rounds of Washington's antique and curio shops, returned and placed upon General Pershing's desk 175 teeth supposed to have fallen from or been extracted from the mouth of America's World War commander.

Incidentally, the general has 20 of his own teeth left. So, go easy if somebody offers to sell you the teeth which bit the Germans in 1918!

GEORGIA

CITIZENS of Thomas County know precisely what they're getting if they vote the coronership to candidate Dick English; he announced his policies on a printed card:

Honest inquests with a zip! Wear no man's collar . . . not even my own. . . . No ring can be square. . . . Don't even belong to a pressing club.

. . . They got to be dead or I don't inquest 'em. . . . Babies kissed and songs led on short notice. . . . Picnics attended and lemon-cheese cake et on no notice.

LOUISIANA

THERE is no limit to American enterprise, *The Tide of Advertising and Marketing* reveals:

The Post Office Department has issued a fraud order against an advertiser known as The Eureka Agency in New Orleans, La., which has been advertising in various publications: "Why Die? Spend 24c & Live. 16 Chemical Elements, which wear out, keep humans living; replace 'em by eating 3 items grocers sell at 1c each; I'll name 'em."

When you sent in your 24c on that one, you got a postal back which read:

"Who eats an Egg, Orange & Carrott, all raw, per diem, gets the 16 Chemical Elements it takes to keep a Human alive. Thanx. Come again, soon & stay longer, sez, The Eureka Agency."

NEW YORK

Two items from the same page of the New York *Journal American*, the first from an unsigned editorial, the second from the column of Elsie Robinson:

Public Opinion throughout the nation must necessarily find great weight in

the fact that the State of New York, acting through its elected Legislature, has declared unequivocally in opposition to a third term for any president.

2

But upon what is public opinion based? Largely on mass cowardice, stupidity, laziness, sentimentality and conceit. . . .

WHAT the Rome *Daily Sentinel* thinks of the local hospitals is tersely chronicled in the social columns:

Mrs. J. P. Blake, who has been confined in a Rome hospital for several weeks, has returned to her home and her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

THE *Most for Your Money Cook Book*, published by the left-wing Modern Age Books, manages to put a little pro-Soviet and anti-capitalist among the ingredients of its recipes:

Luscious big chunks of giant crab, put up by unexploited labor, come to us from the Soviet Union's clean Northern waters of Kamchatka.

* * *

By way of contrast, when we lived in Moscow, grocery clerks who had nothing to fear would give us exact weight, cutting a last snip of bread to balance the scale precisely at 1 kilo. With nothing to gain or lose in non-profit commerce we got full value — to a kopek.

* * *

We've made our very best vegetable and fruit buys, over a period of 30 years, off pushcarts in the poorest sections of cities all over the world, not counting the unbeatable bargains on

the tropical fruit wharves of Bahia and the raspberries and melons sold in season on every Moscow street corner and in the unbelievably bounteous Gastronomes throughout the Soviet.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON's editorial columns, in the New York *Daily News*, offer a few dicta on ancient and modern art:

We think Marlene Dietrich in short skirts, singing "See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have" on the top of a bar is a greater work of art than the Venus de Milo.

Colored talking pictures are our greatest form of living art, to begin with. Then, too, Dietrich has two admirable arms and two very special legs, which are regarded as desirable equipment for any lady; while de Milo lost her arms in some ancient accident, and if her legs weren't concealed by those flowing robes, judging from the rest of her, the chances are that they would be on the Beef Trust order.

By the same token, we think Garbo's changing, enigmatic smile in some present-day motion picture is greater art than the static grin on the face of the Mona Lisa. Further, we think Fred Astaire in a well executed dance movie is more artistic than various dancing fauns and satyrs we've seen in bronze.

NEW JERSEY

FAMILY saga for a democracy, out of Cranford, as recorded by the neighborly New York *Times*:

Mr. and Mrs. Winchester Britton of Cranford have announced the engagement of their younger daughter, Miss Floyd-Tyler Britton, to John Carbery Lay of Baltimore, son of Mrs. Richard Edward Lay and the late Mr. Lay.

Miss Britton, through her mother, who is the former Miss Edyth Clements Shipley of Baltimore, is a granddaughter of Robert Clifton Shipley and a great-granddaughter of Daniel Elliott Shipley, who founded in 1846 Shipley-Roane & Co. On her maternal side also she is descended from the Howard, Warfield, Worthington, Dorsey, Ford, Chew, Ridgeley and Tilghman families of Maryland, and the Washington, Clements, Jordan, Parker and Warner families of Virginia.

Through her father she is a granddaughter of Winchester Britton, who served as District Attorney of Kings County, N. Y., from 1871 to 1876. On her paternal side she is descended from the Batchellor, Coolidge, Fiske, Harrington, Warren, Whipple, Leonard and Pendleton families of New England. Miss Britton is an Hereditary Member of the Order of the Crown, the Plantagenet Society, Order of the First Crusade, and an active member of the Westfield (N. J.) Chapter, Junior Group Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mr. Lay is a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins and of the Lay family of Connecticut. He is a grandson of the late Captain Thomas W. Lay, U. S. N., and a great-grandnephew of Thomas Carbery. On his maternal side he is a grandson of the late Helen Jenkins and Henry Lilly of Montrose, Long Green Valley, Md.

WISCONSIN

ELOQUENT words of sympathy for human suffering are uttered publicly by soft-hearted Mayor Leo Pro-men of Fond du Lac, according to an ad in the *Commonwealth Reporter*:

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

I heartily recommend "The Grapes of Wrath" for all adults. Here is a picture that makes everyone, regardless of their economic status, conscious of their well-being in Fond du Lac.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

CANADA

THE progress of medical science is speeded by a correspondent in the Winnipeg, Manitoba, *Free Press*:

I am writing to publicize a fairly effective remedy which may bring asthma sufferers blessed relief. This is a simple mixture of plain black pepper, cinnamon and nutmeg (equal parts of each), a preparation I discovered in a roundabout way. You sniff (or inhale) several pinches of this every day and the ensuing fits of violent sneezing seem to clear up the asthma trouble remarkably. I have found it a wonderful comfort but in the event that your asthma doesn't respond to such treatment it may be that your nose is allergic to spices. I mention it merely because a friend discovered this and he now says he prefers the asthma.

RUSSIA

MILITARY science, Soviet style, as revealed by a Russian Infantry Manual:

Do not touch anything unnecessarily. Beware of pretty girls in dance halls and parks who may be spies, as well as bicycles, revolvers, uniforms, arms, dead horses and men lying on roads — they are not there accidentally.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Life of the Fox

DURING the months of snow and cold there are not many sounds at night. There is no chittering of bats in the dark sky, no thin stridulation of crickets and katydids, no booming and croaking of frogs in the low marshlands. There is none of that chorus which in summer makes the dark hours eloquent of omnipresent earth-life. Winter nights, in country places, are mostly a time of silence. But one sound is heard in the winter darkness more often than at any other season. It is a short, sharp, barking sound, loud enough to rouse a countryman from his sleep, and it brings the sleeping farmhouse dogs instantly awake and sets them baying. It is the cry of foxes.

All winter long, in the late dusk and sometimes until dawn, the foxes hunt. They patter silently through the deep drifted snow on their little dog feet, sniffing with lean uplifted muzzles for the scent of a partridge, pawing in search of tunnelling deer-mice. Their hunting is not easy in the winter months,

and the whole of their energy is given over to it. A fox is solitary, mateless, in the winter season. He maintains no home to which to return when he has filled his belly, but sleeps away the daylight hours wherever he can find a sheltered place, under a thick-needed pine or in the lee of a fallen log, or wherever he can dig out a form in the powdery snow. He sleeps as an Eskimo dog does, curled up, his heavy-furred tail brush wrapped across his feet and nose so that he breathes through the fur. The ingredients of his winter days are only sleeping exhaustedly and prowling forth again for food; for so meager is his prey in a snow-bound world that he must sometimes hunt over a radius of ten or a dozen miles.

It is in February or early in March, when the first thaws are just beginning and the earliest-nesting hawks are carrying twigs to their bulky nests in hemlock tops, that the night-time barking of the foxes subtly changes. There is still the same sharp staccato that

'has been uttered all winter in the frosty moonlight, but mingled with it is a new note. This is a long-drawn squalling, a kind of screaming howl. It is the female foxes, the vixens, and they have come into heat. In the last winter days before the coming of the spring solstice is the foxes' breeding-time, and they make the country night noisy with their courtship.

Foxes do not breed indiscriminately, but truly pair. Male and female enter into a close partnership, which lasts through spring and summer and early fall, until the next coming of the long cold sends them forth on the solitary winter hunt for food. In the early thaws of March the new-paired foxes set out to seek a den — an "earth" — for the raising of their young.

A fox-den is usually in the ground. It may be an old wood-chuck burrow, pawed out to make it bigger; it may be a natural interstice in the rock-formation of a ledgy hillside. Sometimes, in timbered places, it is not subterranean at all, but is the dark interior of a hollow stump or log. To this den, of whatever sort, the two foxes repair, coming out only in the dusk to look for prey. The den takes on presently the curious

pungent, musky smell that is the odor of fox-places.

About the time when robins and bluebirds are coming back to New England and prospecting for nesting-sites, and the first field-furrows are being turned, the foxes' young are born. The period of gestation has been some fifty days. The new-born cubs are kitten-like, helpless and blind. There may be as few as four of them; occasionally there are nine. Usually all the litter have the color of their parents, the orange rufous pelage, with white underparts, that is characteristic of the red fox tribe. But sometimes there are variants. There may be cubs whose peaked ears and furry tails are black, and whose reddish bodies are marked by black shadings. These are the "cross foxes" of man's fur-trade catalogues. There may be cubs whose coats are almost wholly black, only the tips of their hairs having a whitish cast. These are the "silver foxes," and when they grow to adulthood they will have an even harder time than their brothers to avoid man's guns. Occasionally there may be a cub as black as night.

II

At birth a fox-cub is about twice as large as the young of man's do-

mestic cat. Its eyes, like a kitten's, do not open for nine or ten days, and when they do they are milky blue and need a long period of strengthening before they are ready to stand the glare of the summer sun. The infant fox must stay a long while in the dark birth-den. Weaning is slow. For many days the cub nuzzles his mother's milky teats and stays quietly in the warm darkness, and usually three weeks or a month pass before he is ready to go to the den's entrance and thrust his thin, sharp muzzle into the outer world and sniff and stare at it.

The cub is carefully tended. During the days while his mother stays with him, his father hunts for the entire family. He can bring back, now that the winter has gone, abundant game. Most often it is a rabbit, caught unaware as it nibbled at early shoots in the spring woods, its backbone broken by a sharp snap of vulpine jaws; sometimes it may be a ring-necked iridescent pheasant, stalked and pounced upon in the dark hours before sun-up while it still dozed on a too low branch of an ever-green. The fox-cub learns to wait at the den's entrance while his parent hunts. He dozes in the morning sunlight, or mingles with the others of the litter while they

cuff each other and roll over and tear harmlessly at each other's furry throats, in the kind of playful mock-battle by which all young carnivores grow strong.

Before many more weeks pass, the fox-cub undertakes his own hunting. He looks, now, very like his parents, a thick-furred brush-tailed animal, almost a yard long altogether, with ears large and erect and a muzzle that is narrow and sharply tapering. His coat has grown thick and soft, and his sharp claws horn-hard. His eye is keen enough to see the far stirring of a rabbit in the underbrush or the movement of a quail in a distant field, but his power of scent is keener still. He can stand at the den's entrance, lift his pointed muzzle into the wind, and catch the subtlest intimation of the presence in the neighboring woods of any grouse or squirrel or chipmunk that may serve as his prey.

Two things the fox must learn: he must learn to hunt and to escape from those who hunt him. He acquires the lore, as late spring passes into summer, of treading so softly on his cushioned feet that the layered dead leaves of the forest floor or the dry grasses of the meadow scarcely crackle when he stalks a feeding rabbit. He learns how to take a fat game-bird in his

narrow jaws and shake it, and break its neck. Not least important, he learns that when good game is scarce there are other serviceable foods to be had easily. There are fat green frogs, incapable of quick escape, to be found by stream-banks and in swampy places; there are pools to be found, when the brooks are dried by drought, where dace and suckers have been isolated and can be easily snapped up; in times of urgent hunger a pawing of the black leaf-mold in the woods may disclose edible beetles or a colony of grubs. This is the hunting lore he learns.

He usually learns about being hunted before he has grown very old. He hears a baying of hounds, or the crack of a shot, and he discovers that men and dogs are devoted to killing him. Partly by hereditary instinct, partly perhaps by wit, he devises guiles and stratagems. He learns to take to brook-water when his hunters are hard after him, so that he will leave no trail of scent. He learns to leap stone walls and fallen trees, that the odor of his track may be briefly broken, giving the pursuers momentary pause. He develops the habit of running zigzag, backtracking; he discovers the way of taking cover in the heart of

a bramble-patch, where he can lie hidden, panting, to catch his breath before the killers have discovered his device. Before the summer is done he has learned that foxes have a deadlier and more relentless enemy than lynxes ever were, and he has trained his legs until he can run at thirty miles an hour.

Now, in the fall, he has become adult. All during the summer he has denned up with his family — a far longer family life than most wild creatures have. But now the winter is coming, and it is time to go alone. On a late fall day he does not return to the den where he was born, but sets out in the cold darkness, solitary, to look for hares and meadow-mice under the moon. When the March thaws come he will be ready, if he lives, to bark in the spring woods, and hear an answering squall, and take a mate of his own.

Such is a fox's life. Lived to the full, it is a life of fifteen years, but a full life is very rare. A moment's relaxation of his vigilance, and a bullet stops his breath. Or his legs fail a little and the hounds get him. It is not very often that an old fox, full of years, lies down with his gray muzzle pressed against the earth and enters quietly into death.

POETRY

NOR DUST NOR MOTH

BY DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

Not the massed grandeurs of this day's decline,
Not the last sun-ray, hemmed twixt cloud and cloud,
Constrained to gleam, to fire its gathered shroud
And cast, across the hill beyond the line
Dividing east from west, as o'er a shrine
A light too pure and too serenely proud
To mock the misted sea whose rim, aloud,
Proclaims, in movement, bondage as its sign;
But love, acclaiming all the enchanted scene,
Sea, sun, and waves, lit hill-side, and the high
Rose-tinted snow above cool meadow-green
Of clamorous gulls, soaring within their sky
Upon strong soundless wing-beats scarcely seen,
Prepares this hour for immortality.

VERNAL EQUINOX

BY ROBERT PHILIP HILLIER

Now
Spring leaps up
Through white-furred Winter
To taste the fragrant warmth of sun,
Like hungry rainbow trout
That snap at flies
Above an ice-clear pond:
On widowed hills
Tiny snouts of green
Root through the brown, to sniff;

Hair-stemmed flowers
Blush a gentle pink,
Ashamed of their immodest haste
In arriving first;
Self-conscious trees
Divert the eye from naked limbs
To small, excited, fine-veined hands;
And all things are new with promise . . .
Except the hates — old hates, of men!

ANSWER

*On Being Asked What Will Happen
to Poetry in the Next Ten Years*

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

WHILE Man may crouch before the fires
His senses must record desires.

Though he has bitter herbs to gnaw
He'll tell of beauty that he saw.

While thirst within him grips and clings
He'll search the crags for clearer springs.

While hunger twists its slow, dull blade
He'll grub and hunt — though still afraid.

And when through darkness he must stare
He'll tell what he has visioned there.

His eyes, adjusted to the light,
Shall turn to some discovered height.

While Love and Death shall bend his knees
His heart must sing or break for these.

And, though on rock, he shall inscribe
The picture-story of the Tribe.

THE LIBRARY

Negro Novel and White Reviewers

BY BURTON RASCOE

CONCERNING no novel in recent times, with the possible exception of *The Grapes of Wrath*, have the reviewers in general displayed a more utterly juvenile confusion of values than they have shown in their ecstatic appraisal of Richard Wright's *Native Son*.¹ The only way I can account for the cataclysmic impact this novel made upon their brains is by deducing that they have kept themselves virginally aloof from the sort of reading which daily gives millions of us the stimulation and catharsis of pity and terror in the tabloids and in the magazine fiction professionally described as the "pulsps." To this may be added the further deduction that, so hysterical have the strains of the times made many of us, these good people, the reviewers, go easily haywire about anything which looks to them like a social document exposing "conditions."

Sanely considered, it is impossible for me to conceive of a novel's

being worse, in the most important respects, than *Native Son*. It has many technical excellences. They are such as any Street & Smith editor would applaud, or as Walter B. Pitkin, in his writing classes at Columbia, would grade as A-1. But the editors for Street & Smith, and Mr. Pitkin, would probably say very sensibly that there are faults in this novel which even a tyro in fiction should not be guilty of. Let me enumerate some of them:

(1) If there is a moral message to be emphasized, that message should be made implicit in the consistent action and dialogue of the novel. It should not be in the form of a running commentary by the author, particularly not when the author is very confused about what he wants to prove.

(2) If a character is conceived as being inarticulate and dumb about the economic and social forces which have (in your mind) been responsible for his social and moral

¹ *Native Son*, by Richard Wright. \$2.50. Harper.

delinquency, it is an artistic error to portray that character, at times, as being fully conscious of the "conditions" which have mentally and emotionally crippled him. It is an elementary principle not only of art but of moral law, of legal principle, and of common sense, that, if you are aware of yourself and of the factors under which you live, you are, *yourself*, responsible for what you do and you must accept that responsibility. Mr. Wright has Bigger Thomas, the hero of his story, commit two murders on the appalling theory that he is justified in so doing because, as ecstatic reviewers assure us, "he knows religion as something meant to lull people into submission" and because Bigger feels "powerless and afraid of the white world, which exploits, condescends to, and in turn fears the race it has segregated." (The quotes are, respectively, from Milton Rugoff in the New York *Herald Tribune* and Margaret Marshall in the *Nation*.)

(3) It is a violation of a fundamental esthetic principle — sanctioned from Aristotle on down — to portray a character in speech, thought or action in a way not consistent with what you, the writer, might conceivably do in similar circumstances and in similar conditions.

Recently I witnessed a *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Wright's fundamental thesis in *Native Son*. Mr. Wright was a luncheon guest, in New York, of a club whose membership comprises men who have achieved a degree of importance in the creative arts — writers, musicians, painters, illustrators, engineers, editors, etc. Mr. Wright was introduced eulogistically by Mr. William Chenery, editor of *Collier's*, who dwelt upon the young novelist's accomplishment as a writer who had achieved best-sellerdom. There was no reference, condescending or otherwise, to the guest's color.

Mr. Wright had been told that, as the club's guest, he need not make any speech unless he felt like doing so. He is a handsome young man; his face is fine, kind and intelligent. It was a spontaneous tribute to him and to the success he had attained that the club gave him an ovation such as it has rarely given to anyone but artists like Pablo Casals and Jascha Heifetz. Mr. Wright was, on this occasion (though he may not have realized it), an embodied refutation of his theme in *Native Son*. He was the only black man there, surrounded by white people. Yet they were all rejoicing in his success, eager to do him honor — even if

there were many, of course, who had not read his book.

They were not, even unconsciously, trying to make things so difficult for Mr. Wright that he would have artistic or any other justification if he should choose to murder the first two debutantes he met after leaving the luncheon. Mr. Wright must have had some intimations of this anomaly — this contrast between himself and his fictional hero — when he arose to speak. In response to the spontaneous acclaim, he got up to say a few words. He was doubtless confused and embarrassed. Good writers, and Mr. Wright in his best vein is decidedly good, are rarely good speakers. He faltered, as most of us do who have not been trained to speak in public, and in his confusion he said, with the nicest air of camaraderie — as if to say “Come up and see me some time”: “I hope you will all have a chance to meet Bigger Thomas.”

I don't know what others who had read *Native Son* felt about the author's hope, but I for one shuddered. Bigger Thomas, in the novel, is a murderer because (so his creator tells us) he resents the white race. Bigger murders a rich white girl who is sentimentally interested in “the Negro problem” and whose family has contributed

millions to alleviate conditions among the poor in the Negro quarters of Chicago. Bigger also murders his Negro mistress. He indulges in this slaughter not because of anything these poor, misguided women, white and black, have done to him, since they haven't harmed him at all, but because (Mr. Wright argues) all of us who happen to have white skins instead of black have made Bigger what he is.

II

In the midst of the hurrahing I rise to assert that I think the moral in *Native Son* is utterly loathsome and utterly insupportable as a “message.” When I carefully examine all the evidence Mr. Wright offers to prove that Bigger Thomas should have become a murderer and that the guilt lies on our own heads, I remain emphatically unconvinced. I can't see that Bigger Thomas had anything more to contend with, in childhood and youth, than I had or than dozens of my friends had. Their lives and mine have not been velvety but we do not want to kill people because of this. And I have known fine priests, fine rabbis, fine Protestant ministers (black and white) whose “conditional environment” was even

worse than this "conditional environment" which Mr. Wright would have us believe makes murderers out of Negro men.

Mr. Wright is as much an American as you are or I am. We Americans are constitutionally for the underdog, so long as it does not seriously interfere with the business at hand of getting along. It is quite the thing now, among our intellectuals, to contend that whites have given the Negroes a dirty deal, forgetting that whites have given themselves a dirty deal also. These intellectuals deplore Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini on psychopathic grounds, but they are unable to see that by their own logic Bigger Thomas is just a small-scale Negro Hitler. Or a Negro Stalin or Mussolini. The partiality of these dictators for bloodletting also can be traced to conditional environment. If I am supposed to start grieving over what I have done to Hitler and Stalin in their hard early life, I won't take any.

And the same applies to Bigger. This is also to serve notice that despite all the eloquence Bigger's lawyer and Wright's reviewers bring to Bigger's defense, if I were on the jury I would vote to hang Bigger. Bigger, I have been amply convinced, wouldn't hesitate two minutes to shoot me or his lawyer

or his author, even if we were going about business and paying him no mind. I don't like the idea of being shot, even fictionally, just because my color is not like Bigger's. I wouldn't like it even if I knew that all the Bigger Thomases think I am somehow responsible because life hasn't been cushy for them. I'm just unreasonable in these matters of murder, where I'm the murderer.

Mr. Wright, one may note, is doing very well. A lot of white writers with talent doubtless are wishing they were making as much money as he is making. But they are not envious of him, nor do they begrudge his success in the least. They hope he prospers. For myself, I hope that now he has got *Native Son* out of his system, he will use his talents to more sensible ends. He is one of the two writers, white or black, who have ever had the ear to catch and transliterate Negro speech correctly. The other writer is Louis Paul, who is white.

Autobiography

As the MERCURY went to press, too late for a full review, I received the autobiography of Ely Culbertson.¹ This is the most astoundingly frank and honest

¹ *Strange Lives of One Man*, by Ely Culbertson. \$3.00. John C. Winston Co.

confession ever published, probably, with the exception of Boswell's *Journals*. It makes the famed confessions of Rousseau and St. Augustine seem like the reports of adolescents. Culbertson is a versatile genius, talented in many more ways than in playing bridge. Although he often seems like a

braggart, his brags (on careful thought) have justifiable bases, and no writer in the world has been more shamelessly humble in setting forth his weaknesses and shortcomings. This is truly the story of a man who not only wants to make his peace with God but with men and with himself.

THE CHECK LIST

Continued from p. 4

FICTION

CONVERSATION, by Conrad Aiken. \$2.50. *Scribner's*. A painter's marriage is going on the rocks because he doesn't want to paint portraits; unlike Rembrandt, Holbein, Leonardo and a few other pretty good portrait painters, he considers it a prostitution of his gifts. He prefers to moon about a gal he has just concluded an affair with and mingle with a bunch of Greenwich Village parasites. Meanwhile his wife cooks his meals, takes care of their kids, shoos away creditors and wonders, quite naturally, what is going to become of them all. The painter doesn't like to be reminded of things like that: it interferes with the work he hasn't any intention of doing. So there is a bout of a quarrel, the hottest and nastiest one in fiction since the one in Thomas Wolfe's *Time and the River*. Then they go into a clinch. Q.E.D.: True Love. Mr. Aiken, who is a distinguished poet, states on the jacket that he is "an ardent movie fan." This novel on the screen ought to make a good Grade B.

THIS LAND OF OURS, by Louis Zara. \$2.75. *Houghton, Mifflin*. One of a season's

bumper crop of good novels with our country's historical background as the principal theme. This is a story about the people who pushed West of the Appalachians even before the early colonials got mad with George III. You will be surprised how much you can learn from this novel about places you have been through on the train or stopped at, on a motor trip, for five gallons of gas. Quiz: Who or what was Pontiac? You will find out, from this novel, that Pontiac wasn't just a good car.

BETHEL MERRIDAY, by Sinclair Lewis. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. If you are a pretty girl, aged fifteen, and stage-struck, here's about the whole history of your life if your dreams of going on the stage come true. Our Nobel Prize winner is a master of detail. He omits nothing (well, almost nothing) about what you will run up against, including the slightly nauseating smell of grease paint and the even more nauseating smell of the hair oil of the theatrical Casanovas who will try out their repertoires on you. If you are not fifteen and want to know the low-down on troupings,

here's your Baedeker, prompt copy, almanac, dictionary, and thesaurus. And, if you have got the notion that Mr. Lewis is a has-been, that's where you are wrong. The old maestro can still write rings around 90 per cent of the younger fictionists. A novel mellow and entertaining, as well as informative.

WILD GEESE CALLING, by Stewart Edward White. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. Another historical piece, about Alaska in the 'Nineties, this time. Mr. White has written 47 books and may overtake Heinz before he is through. If you are ignorant of Mr. White's books, you are sure ignorant — or very young. This novel has plenty of gun play and the shivers of the frozen North. If you pretend you don't care for that sort of foolishness, why are you always looking through the papers to discover at what neighborhood movie house a good western might be showing?

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD, by Frances Gaither. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. This novel is so good that one can only wish — without expecting — that it will have a wide audience. It is about the Negroes and whites in ante-bellum days in the Black Bottom Land of Alabama, — not in the Old Massacrinoline-marigold-and-jasmine school of romance about the South, but honest, authentic and memorable.

SCATTERGOOD BAINES RETURNS, by Clarence Budington Kelland. \$2. *Harpers*. This character, beloved by millions of readers, is in the great tradition of American literature — the tradition of Ben Franklin and Mark Twain. This is a new collection of stories in which the Vermont shopkeeper is the chief cook and bottle-washer. That's all Scattergood's fans need to know, and they are a discerning crowd of people.

MR. SKEFFINGTON, by Elizabeth. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. Magnificent story of what happened to a woman at fifty who suddenly

realized that she was no longer the great beauty she once was.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR, by Herbert Best. \$2.50. *Random House*. A novel in the best early H. G. Wells tradition about life in the future. Totalitarian wars have wiped out nearly all vestiges of civilization, except a former British army captain, his mistress and his command of soldiers. There is a plague, too, and survivors on a desert island. It is also crammed with "gravy," i.e., with the way of a man with a maid and vice versa.

221B, STUDIES IN SHERLOCK HOLMES, edited by Vincent Starrett. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The Baker Street Irregulars contribute an illuminating volume of Holmesiana. Such subjects are discussed as *The Care and Feeding of Sherlock Holmes*, *Was Sherlock Holmes an American?*, *The Other Boarder*. A must for followers of the greatest detective.

NON-FICTION

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO EUROPE, by Geoffrey T. Garratt. \$2.75. *Bobbs-Merrill*. This member of the Cassandra Club in London (whose members tear the hides off Chamberlain in a refined British sort of way) and excellent foreign correspondent and commentator for the Manchester *Guardian*, tells us just who are running things in England and just what kind of rackets they run. He advises Americans to keep out of the war; but he thinks we ought to give England moral support. A valuable book.

FAMILY CRISIS, by Sherlock Bronson Glass. \$2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Our nomination for the best non-fiction book of the year, so far, except Carl Snyder's "*Capital: the Creator*." This autobiographical fragment by a man who is now professor of English at the University of Nebraska, supplements, in a strangely human way, Snyder's chief contention: that a capitalist is not necessarily an ogre. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, in this country, he is a fel-

low who has saved up some money and wants to run a business where he won't have to take any guff from the boss. Professor Glass's father had that idea: he became a capitalist. He bought himself a laundry where he could hire people to work for him. And what a mess he ran into! He, his wife and all their kids had to work about eighteen hours a day and still they had labor troubles, fires, and "politician trouble." Glass *père* got his family into such a hole by being a capitalist that one can only reflect that there must be a reward in heaven for birds like him, since he has a son alive who can recite this family history with charm and affectionate humor, as well as honesty. This is a beautiful book. If you aren't one of those rich people and you are about middle age, this is something you have been through. If you *are* one of those rich people, even if you are Julius Spencer Morgan or Nelson Rockefeller, you have got an idea of what Glass *père* went through, and this book will be finely heart-warming to you. It is a thin but marvellous slice of the saga of American life.

THE GUILLOTINE AT WORK, by P. G. Maximoff. \$3.50. *Alexander Berkman Fund, Chicago*. The most ambitious attempt in English to tell the world about the fate of political prisoners in the Soviet Union; thoroughly documented and an invaluable source book for students of the Russian Revolution. The author contends that Marxism inevitably leads to the sort of odious police state which developed in Russia.

STALIN, CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, by Eugene Lyons. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. A straightforward account of the Soviet dictator's career, from the peasant-cobbler's hut to the Kremlin. The author has stripped the story to its dramatic essentials, with a minimum of encumbering theory, and succeeds in making an extraordinary figure credible.

STALIN'S KAMPF, edited by M. R. Werner. \$2.50. *Howell, Soskin*. From the speeches and writings of Stalin, Mr. Werner

has selected and assembled passages which give a more or less organized record of the dictator's views in his own words. Among contemporary statesmen, Stalin is probably the most inarticulate. His style is dully wooden. But it is as living history rather than literature that Mr. Werner offers this first-rate piece of research and editing.

THREE PORTRAITS, by Emil Ludwig, \$1.50. *Alliance Book Corporation*. Brief biographical essays on Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin which add exactly nothing to the sum-total of our knowledge of these dictators. Breezy superficialities are offered with an air of profundity — in short, Emil Ludwig at his worst. The sketch of Stalin, for anyone who is at all familiar with the Caucasian's career, sounds like a diligent compilation of half-truths, bad guesses and propagandist legends.

TWELVE AGAINST ALCOHOL, by Herbert Ludwig Nossen, M.D. \$2.50. *Harri-son-Hilton*. Exceedingly frank case histories, told by twelve patients in the first person, of the conquest of dipsomania. The primary purpose of the book is medical, but the twelve stories are interesting, a few of them stirring, as sheer human documents.

THE STORY OF ART, The Lives and Times of the Great Masters, by Regina Shoolman and Charles Slatkin. *Halycon House*. Another of the oversized, lavish, beautifully printed collections of color reproductions — 120 of them in this instance, with the text predominating. Simply written for that average American.

BEYOND THE CLINICAL FRONTIERS, by Edward A. Strecker, M.D. \$2.00. *Norton*. Based on his Salmon Lectures before the New York Academy of Medicine, this little volume by an eminent psychiatrist presents a fascinating study of crowd behavior. His findings are especially pertinent to the current mob-run world.

THE OPEN FORUM

STORM OVER THE CARIBBEAN

SIR: In his article, *No More West Indies*, in your March issue, Mr. Tom S. Hyland levels his guns at the Make Europe Pay War Debts Committee, and at our national Chairman, Senator Ernest Lundeen. He completely obscures the fundamental national defense issue which serves to make the acquisition of European-owned islands in American waters a simple and an easy method for Europe to square up in some measure on the billions in war debts which have been saddled on the American taxpayers.

In his diatribe concerning West Indies "poorhouses" your author makes no mention of Bermuda. He could hardly consider Bermuda poverty-stricken. Senator Lundeen, who visited Puerto Rico a year ago, tells us Mr. Hyland's analysis of conditions there is at variance with current facts. Shortly after your article appeared, Senator Robert R. Reynolds, one of the many to join our movement, introduced into the *Congressional Record* statistics which give an entirely different picture of the economic situation in many of the West Indies than that presented by Mr. Hyland. In justice to our Committee and in the interests of accuracy, I believe it is only right that you direct your readers' attention to the *Congressional Record* of March 4 and 13, pages 3508-3512 and 4320-4324.

Outstanding naval and military authorities have published dramatic reasons for doing substantially what our Committee urges. Major George Fielding Eliot, for example, has pointed out that our defense in this area rests on Puerto Rico, and contrasted the holes in our Atlantic island outpost system with the very good island outpost system we now have in the Pacific, which serves both offensive and defensive purposes. Moreover, I refer interested readers to the leading article

in the February issue of the semi-official *United States Naval Institute Proceedings*, wherein Lieutenant-Commander Isaiah Olch, USN, devotes eleven pages to *A Résumé of National Interests in the Caribbean Area*. Will your author attempt to refute such statements as the following?

"The importance of our position in the Caribbean area and along the South and Latin-American coasts can not be over-impressed upon anyone interested in the future safety of the United States. The former naval base at St. Thomas has been abandoned while in that same key area of the Northeastern section of the Caribbean we have failed to develop any extensive naval facilities in Puerto Rican waters. . . . Perhaps the time will come for us to withdraw from European and Far Eastern spheres in the face of concerted action by foreign powers before we realize that the heritage left to us in the form of a fundamental and progressive development of interest in the Caribbean and in South America has been lost. . . ."

The MERCURY will be performing a public service in the interest of accuracy, in bringing the above authoritative military and naval defense opinions to the attention of its readers.

PRESCOTT DENNETT,
*Treasurer, Make Europe Pay
War Debts Committee.*

*Washington,
D. C.*

SIR: Since when did the change of sovereignty of Puerto Rico deprive the island of its coffee industry? Puerto Rican coffee has always been sold in Europe — and not altogether in Spain as your article says — before and after the occupation.

The industry was badly damaged in 1898 by a destructive hurricane. Just before the World War it had got back to an annual production in excess of 50,000,000 pounds. The war cut off the European market. Then came another hurricane in 1928. Early in the present decade a revolution in Spain and barter trade programs elsewhere in Europe wiped out the market entirely.

LUIS C. BONNET

*San Juan,
Puerto Rico.*

SIR: Good Old Congressman Vito Marcantonio, who is Stalin's gift to the United States Congress, howls and yells about Puerto Rico in Congress. Mr. Hyland takes up the battle cry in New York and blasts away on a topic that he obviously knows nothing about. Even if there were no glaring mistakes in the references to Puerto Rico, you lay yourself wide open by accepting an article by a writer you evidently know nothing about. If you were to check back a little I think you would find that your author dug his material out of Roger Baldwin's files and probably worked in collaboration with Marcantonio, Walter McKay Jones, Earl Hanson and sundry Puerto Ricans marching under the hammer and sickle.

VENTURA PIÑOT

*San Juan,
Puerto Rico.*

SIR: Mr. Tom S. Hyland's article, *No More West Indies*, in your March issue was informative, but I think it missed the point. Many of our so-called leaders are trying to sell us participation in the war, even though they know it is not to our interest. Therefore they argue that there is a threat to our security in the possibility of Germany winning those colonies. They know very well that our navy would intervene, but they are mighty careful not to say so.

Acquisition of these islands would rob them of their principal argument. No matter what the cost, it would be well worth paying if we can silence these internationalist "patriots."

I think, also, that agitation for these islands should be continued as a means of combating British and French propaganda.

P. O. KILLAM

*North Pembroke,
Massachusetts.*

THEY DON'T ALL LISTEN IN

SIR: I thoroughly enjoyed Whitfield Cook's article, "Be Sure To Listen In," in your March issue. His courage in listening to the programs he mentions is to be commended. I, too, certainly wish something could be done to stop the endless twaddle "dished out" day after day by soap companies setting out to promote good will between themselves and us housekeepers. However, I suppose there would be no profit in catering to the few "Mrs. Americas" with a slightly better than twelve-year-old mentality. My only recourse when I feel the "radio listener" urge to brighten a dull day, is to keep my figure supple with Wallace, listen to phonograph recordings and Ransom M. Sherman.

Does the author know why the best daily radio programs are unsponsored? A few more laughs a day and a little more music would certainly be appreciated by at least ten married women I know of, who are too well acquainted with their own private misfortunes to be cheered up by these morbid reincarnations of the dime novel.

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

*Eastport,
Maine.*

SIR: When I read the article "Be Sure To Listen In," I was glad that, at last, someone has disclosed just what "National, Mutual, and Columbia were up to during the average day." I, for one, resent their doings very much because they keep my radio silent during the hours when I am alone and need it most. I have often wondered whether the average American woman is a moron or is helplessly having insults heaped upon her by the broadcasting companies. As I picture our poor women shedding bitter tears over the plights

of their radio heroes and heroines, I shudder at the thought of their husbands consuming potatoes washed in tears, and cakes and pies drenched in salt water.

There is so much lovely music, and there is still comedy in the world. Why, oh why, can't we have something pleasant for a change?

CHRISTINE OLSON

Rowland,
Nevada.



THE GRAND OLD PARTY PROTESTS

SIR: In answer to I. D. W. Talmadge's article "Another Grand Old Party," in your December issue, I wish to call attention particularly to the following misrepresentations:

Talmadge refers to the late Eugene V. Debs as "an SLP apostate." Debs was never a member of the Socialist Labor Party, hence could not have been guilty of "apostasy." Wm. Z. Foster is not "also a former Socialist Laborite." He is a former Socialist, anarcho-syndicalist, and 200 per cent patriot who is now, logically, a member of the Communist Party. The SLP "has no youth auxiliary" for the same reason that it has no "old age auxiliary." But its work is mainly carried on by young people and by those who have reached middle age since the 'twenties. As for the rest, it can be said that there is apparently that in its principles and philosophy which keeps men and women young, bodily and mentally.

Mr. Talmadge says: "Strikes, according to the most recent tenets of the SLP, are merely a form of 'class collaboration.'" A statement of De Leon, many years ago, is still unqualifiedly endorsed by the Party: "The attitude of working men engaged in a bona fide strike is an inspiring one. It is an earnest that slavery will not prevail . . . the slave who . . . persists, despite failures and poverty, in rebelling, there is always hope for." Your author says that De Leon "was first to advocate the industrial unionism currently championed by John L. Lewis." De Leon's industrial unionism implies the social revolution. Mr.

Lewis's is predicated on the continuance of capitalism and the wage system.

Mr. Talmadge states that illustrations in the *Weekly People* "are limited to an engraving of De Leon which appears regularly on his anniversaries." The *Weekly People*, particularly during the last couple of years, has contained regularly many illustrations.

Permit me a personal note: Mr. Talmadge refers to Arnold Petersen as "the Earl Browder of the SLP." As one who has convicted Mr. Browder out of his own mouth, a political swindler, a lying fool, and an unscrupulous and unprincipled adventurer, I object. In my thirty years of activity in the Socialist movement, I have never knowingly uttered a falsehood.

Mr. Talmadge sneers at the SLP vote. The number of votes cast is obviously meaningless unless we ask: Cast for what? Twelve thousand votes cast for the *right* principle are more formidable than 12,000,000 votes cast for a false, a doomed principle and program. However, the fact is that in a number of states the SLP qualified to appear on the ballot but was ruled off through trickery of politicians. It would be a conservative estimate to fix the SLP vote of 1936 at not less than 100,000 — *i.e.*, the vote we would have received if political gangsterism had not unscrupulously tricked us off the ballot in the most industrially important and populous states in the Union.

ARNOLD PETERSEN
National Secretary, Socialist
Labor Party.

New York City.



INSURING THE MOTORIST

SIR: Ferdinand Lundberg's article, "Menace of the Uninsured Motorist," in your March issue, gives a wholly untrue picture of the effectiveness of financial responsibility legislation. Instead of deserving to be "dismissed as useless in the present situation," financial responsibility laws (or safety responsibility laws as they are more frequently called) have proved to be a potent weapon in barring reckless and financially irresponsible

motorists from the highway, and in many jurisdictions have aided materially in forcing payment in damage cases arising from traffic accidents.

The law is said to be fatally weak because it "gives the mad dog one bite." But the same defect must be noted in our whole system of jurisprudence, which proceeds on the theory that a man is innocent until proven guilty. Further, it is not necessary for a motorist to maim or kill before the law visits its weight upon him; to be found guilty of any major violation for which suspension of driving privileges is mandatory, makes it necessary for him to file proof of financial responsibility before he can drive again.

The question of compensation for motor vehicle accident victims is both complicated and controversial. One remedy — the compensation plan — was the first advanced and has been adopted nowhere. Another — compulsory insurance — was the second and has been adopted only in Massachusetts, and a few foreign countries. The third — safety responsibility — in the short space of twelve years has been adopted in whole or in part in thirty-three states, the District of Columbia, Hawaii, and eight of the nine Canadian provinces. Approximately 20,000,000 cars or nearly 80 per cent of the cars registered in the United States operate under its protection. A common sense, realistic approach to a difficult problem, safety responsibility has won hands down over other plans before the bar of public opinion.

RUSSELL E. SINGER
General Manager,
American Automobile Association.

Washington,
District of Columbia.

SIR: Mr. Lundberg, in his article on the uninsured motorist, takes the same stand as the insurance companies the world over. I am an uninsured motorist, and have driven for over twenty years at about 10,000 miles per annum without accident. Being a country carpenter I have to have an automobile to get from job to job. When I bought my first

Ford, I could not afford to pay more than \$25; No one buys "jalopies" for pleasure. There are on the road today cars worth \$25 or \$50 whose owners are just about able to pay for gasoline, and who need them in earning their living.

The usual drivers' test is of doubtful value, for it does not record the co-ordination of mind and muscle in time of emergency. There are drivers who can safely drive at fifty or sixty miles an hour because their co-ordination of mind and muscle gives them the needed margin of safety in an emergency; and there are other drivers who should not be permitted to drive faster than thirty miles because they lack the necessary co-ordination. How to check up on these physical defects and correct the present inadequate road tests is the real problem. Compulsory insurance is not the solution.

HENRY E. EMERY

Milford,
Pennsylvania.

BOERS AND BRITISH

SIR: Your correspondent, E. C. Watson, must have access to some history of the Boers unknown to the rest of us. I had occasion to study the Boer War and what led up to it, nearly forty years ago, and my conclusions were entirely opposed to his findings. If the Boers settled on "great desert plains" I wonder where the natives lived who were subjected and literally tortured by these pious, God-fearing farmers. The Boers were glad to have the mines developed in the first instance. The incomes were taxed to the limit, and the owners had no voice in spending the money, which it was found later had been spent by the Boers largely on armaments. As I recall now, quite a few of our own countrymen made at least as much noise as did the Britishers over this instance of taxation without representation. There were several occasions when the British saved the Boers from the infuriated natives, driven to frenzy by Boer cruelty, and scant thanks did they get for their trouble.

If men like Botha and Smuts could join

hands and fight as they did for "the Empire," I would feel safer to follow their lead rather than such an utterly wrong and evidently deeply biased point of view as that of the writer in your March issue.

T. H. WALKER

*Pawtucket,
Rhode Island.*



USA AND USSR

SIR: In November of 1938, when the barbarism and excesses of the Nazi government were at their worst, the United States called home its ambassador as a protest. The ambassador has since resigned and America has no ambassador to Germany at present. In this fashion, at least, we can express our disgust with the policies and actions of the Nazi regime. Now that Soviet Russia, in its dealings with Finland, has demonstrated its kinship with Hitlerism, should not Ambassador Steinhardt in Moscow be called home? At least that much our government could do to manifest the overwhelming disgust of the American people for the conduct of the USSR.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

*Portland,
Oregon.*



LIFE IN THE PROMISED LAND

SIR: I would like to find the "promised land" of which Frank J. Taylor wrote in your February issue. We have lived in Washington state for more than twenty years, and the last four we have been jobless. We have lived most of the past eight years on logged-off land that can be had for five dollars an acre. The migrants who are our neighbors aren't having it as easy by a long shot as Mr. Taylor says. Most of them who have children ask for relief or work on WPA. The two new families who have tried to get along on the few pennies they could earn here and there struggle, struggle — and why? It's hopeless.

And did your writer observe the gardens

last year, or is he speaking of ten years back? Last year we had no rain. No garden in our vicinity, where we have lots of fertilizer, had half the vegetables it had in years past.

We have applied at different state employment offices for work, but they have little use for us. No jobs! When we are offered farm work it offers \$15 to \$20 a month and found. Besides, how could a man find time to clear land and work away from home at the same time? If he works all the dry months how will he get his land clear during the wet months? How long will it be before he has his own garden? A writer who wishes to be authentic should at least go and live a year or two among the people he writes about.

FLORA PHILLIPS

*Olympia,
Washington.*



THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

SIR: These are excerpts from letters reaching the County offices here from relief clients. They were copied out by a physician friend who has access to this correspondence:

"This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?"

"I am glad to say that my husband who was reported missing is now dead."

"Mrs. Brown has had no clothing for a year and has been regularly visited by the Clergy."

"I am writing to say that my baby was born two years old. Will I get my money?"

"I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my three children, one of which was a mistake as you will see."

"I am very annoyed that you called my boy illiterate. This is a lie as I was married to his father."

"In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope."

"This is to certify that Mr. S. is suffering from indigestion due to no teeth and fallen arches and needs teeth so he can chew his food and shoes with arch supports."

B. D. R.

New York City.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

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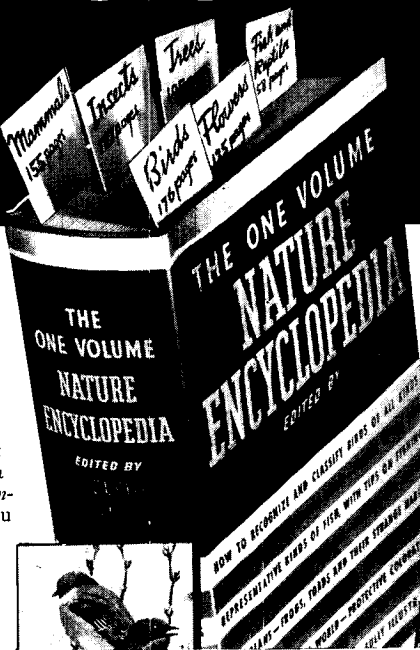
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